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October, 1922

Dr. Mitchell Chapman's
NATIONAL
People
Monthly
MAGAZINE

HARVESTING the sea—Frank Davis
goes fishing for everybody

ALVAN FULLER always knows
what he wants—and gets it

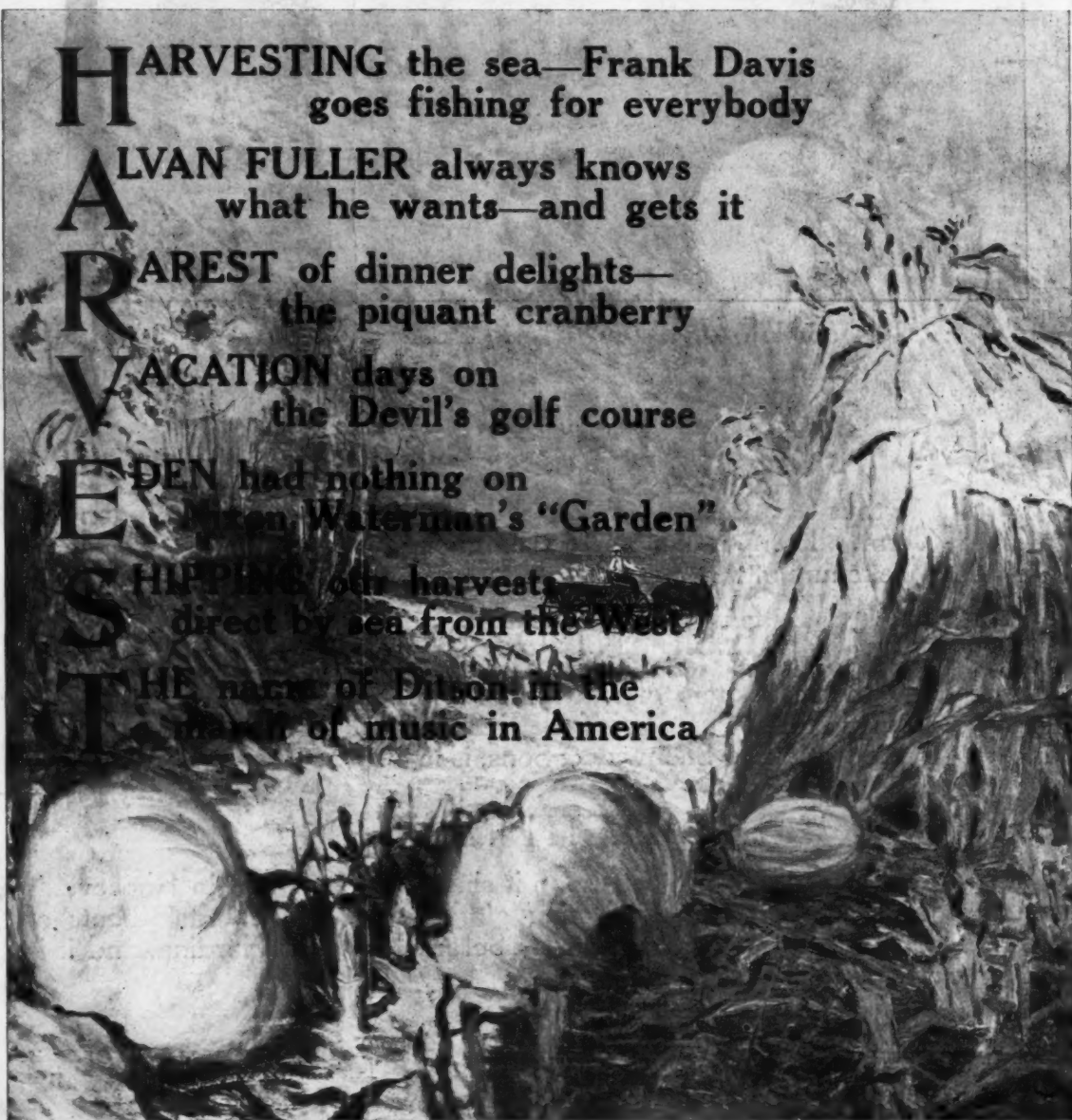
RAREST of dinner delights—
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VACATION days on
the Devil's golf course

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Wren Waterman's "Garden"

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Volume LI. No. 5
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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People

OCTOBER, 1922



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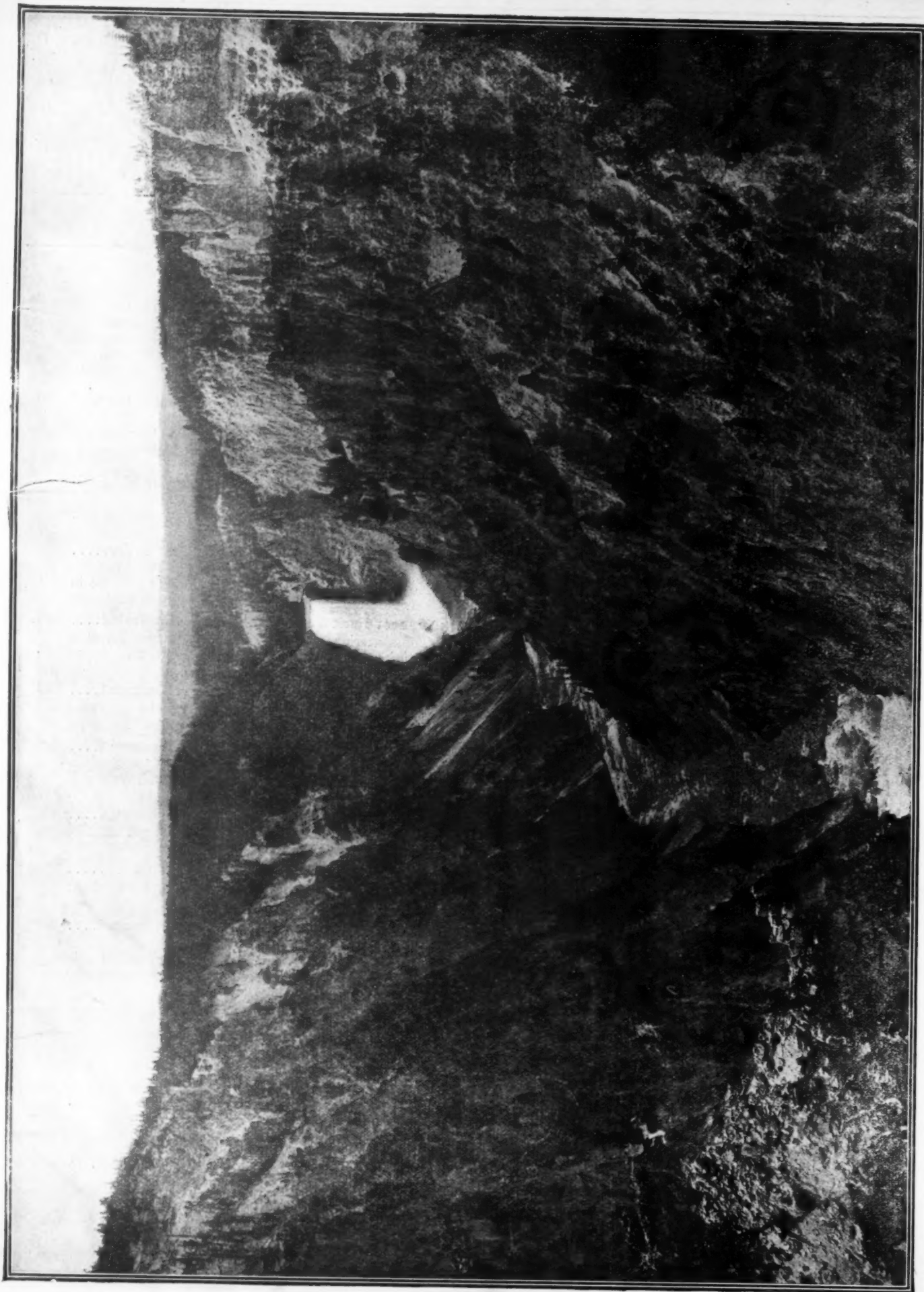
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The gorgeous prismatic splendor of Yellowstone Canyon from Artist's Point reveals the moods of the day in varied pictures. In the noontide splendor Yellowstone Canyon is supreme. In looking upon this wonderful color picture of nature one feels an inspiration that cannot be described



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



THE warm breath of October days seems to bid defiance to the fears of a threatened coal shortage. The promise of a mild winter is in the popular mind, irrespective of weather conditions. Mother Nature seemed to have her "hot flashes" in the full orb'd maturity of the year. The woods and fields about Washington, resplendent in their autumnal hues, herald the fruitage time of the year. Congress has adjourned, but the Capital City does not seem lonesome. In the lull after the primaries, preparatory to the last lively days to "step on the gas," prior to the fall elections, there was a lure in the October oriflamme that took many of the eminent men and others far-afield to Rocky Creek, Great Falls or Potomac Park to bask in the sunshine amid autumn colors. The summer's afterglow of an "Indian Summer" found senators, pages, representatives and clerks playing truant to books and papers to read Nature's story in the hours of playtime.

* * *

DAY by day as the condition of Mrs. Harding was reported improving, there was a feeling of relief and happiness among the people of Washington, as well as all over the land. She made a plucky fight, and her indomitable spirit carried her through. Mrs. Harding has long been affectionately known among the family circle as the "Duchess." The confines of that circle have constantly widened since she became the First Lady of the Land, for as a queenly woman and a womanly queen in the hearts of her friends, Florence Kling Harding is an inspiration to millions of young women throughout the land in her example as a wife and American woman whose life has been given to the enthronement of the home and its responsibilities, civic and domestic, as the great ideal of American girlhood.

* * *

IT seemed like a class reunion when the President's Cabinet held their first meeting after Secretary Hughes returned from Brazil. It was agreed from all reports that he made a profound and favorable impression upon the people of South America. His speeches will result in a clearer understanding with the peoples of South America that the United States seeks only amicable relations, based upon an unselfish purpose. The Brazilian people are beginning to understand America as never before and welcome "Americans." The Exposition, celebrating the centenary of Brazil's independence, is affording opportunity for the American nations to come closer together in trade relations. The kinship of all countries is being better understood, even with the black cloud on the horizon in the Near East. The visit of Secretary Hughes and his Commission, it is believed, will mark a new era of prosperity. Every sentence the Secretary of State uttered in the many speeches he made there counted to confirm the friendly feeling. There was no wastage of words in diplomatic phrases.

The man who uttered the memorable message at the Washington Conference, to scrap the navies, has made it possible for him to express in the English language a meaning clear and unmistakable, that could be translated into all other tongues without losing the sincerity of expression.

On board ship, Secretary Hughes asked everybody else to leave and just talked to the sailors and men on the ship. The



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& Ewing

MRS. ROYAL C. JOHNSON

The beautiful and charming wife of the Representative from the Second District of South Dakota

speech was not recorded, but to hear the tribute of these sailormen indicated that the talk, heart to heart, eye to eye, will have a far-reaching influence, for he was then not an official of the United States, nor even a member of the Cabinet, but Charles Evans Hughes talking man to man.

* * *

WITH Congress adjourned, the country does not hear so often from Senator William Edgar Borah. This is the time when he does his thinking, for few public men are more diffident as to publicity. Many of the protests which Senator



HON. WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH

United States Senator from Idaho. He is a familiar figure on the bridle paths about Washington, horseback riding being his favorite recreation

Borah has crystallized into discussion and legislation are of incalculable and historical value to the American people. Friends and constituents in Idaho tell many interesting stories of the young lawyer in the early days, when he was always ready to go ahead with plain duties which others shirked.

His middle name is Edgar, and there is a tradition that he was called "Ned" in boyhood days. William Edgar Borah was born in Fairfield, Illinois, June 29, 1865. He moved west to Idaho at an early age. He was first elected Senator of Idaho, January 16th, 1907. The dates of June 29th, 1865, and January 16th, 1907, he regards as the two days of special importance in his public career.

He is equally of German and Irish stock and a Presbyterian, which naturally may have something to do with his fighting qualities and independence. He is familiar with the plow and the hoe and understands the making of fences—political and otherwise. As a boy he absorbed the "Mistakes of Moses" (Bob Ingersoll), later regarded Napoleon as somewhat of a greater character than Ingersoll, and eventually—well, doesn't refer to either of them much today. He was admitted to the bar in 1888 after a term in Kansas law schools, moved west to Boise, Idaho, tried it out on the natives and it "took." His career was made as fast as the times would permit. His first campaigning was done in a buckboard behind a pair of mules. He won. Connected with James H. Hawley in the prosecution of the notorious Haywood-Moyer-Pettibone cases of 1907-8, in which Harry Orchard was sent up for life for the

assassination of former Governor Steunenberg, young Borah later prosecuted "Diamond-field Jack" in a murder case resulting in a conviction. He ran on a silver Republican ticket for Congress in 1896, but was defeated, and returned to the Republican party in 1900. In 1907 he was sent to the Senate, since which time he has remained in Washington and largely dictated the politics of his own state, including a slip from the party in 1912 when he endeavored to overturn the state in favor of Roosevelt. Following a reconciliation was effected and again he "joined" the "regulars."

He married Mamie McConnell, daughter of former Governor McConnell, in April, 1895. Senator Borah is a great reader, even of his state papers; takes kindly to philosophy of the ages, but doesn't accept it necessarily as the whole thing. He is eloquent and resourceful; today criticised to considerable extent, but usually aloof. Senator Borah keeps his ear close to the ground in political matters affecting the important questions of which the people of the country are thinking.

* * *

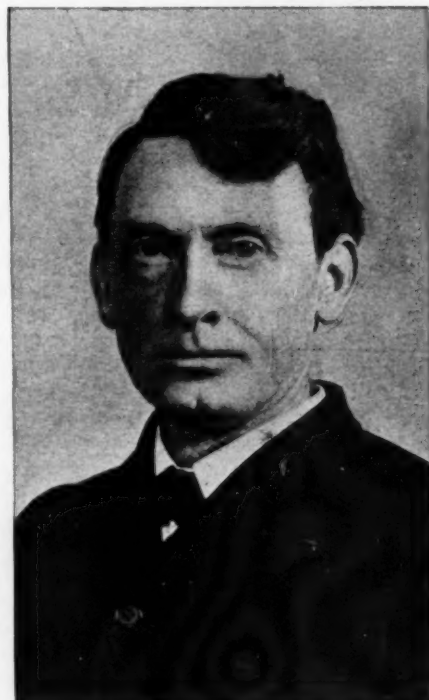
WITH the sudden death of Senator Thomas E. Watson of Georgia, another powerful and picturesque figure passed from the public life of the National Capital. That he was a man of marked ability and brilliant intellect is not to be denied. That he lacked the essentials of stability and balance and the amenities of tolerance and consideration for the views of people whose minds ran in channels contrary to his own is to be deplored.

With his intellectual attainments, which were of a high order, and his considerable native force of character he might, had it not been for his unfortunate excitability of temper and bigotry of judgment, have attained a considerable place in the nation's history.

As a student and historian, Senator Watson displayed marked mental gifts. His "Life of Jefferson" was worthy of scholastic regard, and his "Story of France" was used as a textbook in the schools of France itself.

* * *

DURING the summer months members of the President's Cabinet have been in the four quarters of the globe. Secretary Denby has returned from his trip to Japan, and the result of his visit is already evidenced in the clear and practical understandings following the momentous days of the Washington Conference. It is as difficult to judge the real Japan at a distance of ten thousand miles as it is for them in turn to judge the United States of America. The tour indicated that if there was less talk and more real judgment in international affairs the war fever might soon subside. Secretary Denby showed his early training as a "rooky"



THE LATE THOMAS E. WATSON

United States Senator (Democrat) from Georgia whose sudden death left a vacancy filled by the appointment of the first woman senator

in the voyage to the Orient, as he proved to be a good sailor. The Japanese people felt highly complimented that the Secretary of the Navy of the U. S. A. should visit their country. It exploded some of the "Butterfly" passion. Japanese people appreciate what the United States did in saving from the Peace Conference scrap heap the great battleship *Matsu*, for which the people of the cherry blossom country had sacrificed so much in heavy taxation burdens.

It is of record that the Japanese were the first to have their buildings ready at the Brazilian Exposition. They keep right on doing things with a thoroughness that commands admiration. Secretary Denby's visit had an influence in helping to confirm the cool-headed judgment of Baron Kato in his decisions while in the United States at the Washington Conference. The feeling is growing apace the world over that we are entering upon a golden era of peace and prosperity that will shine in both Orient and Occident.

* * * *

WHILE it is in effect an empty honor that Governor Hardwick of Georgia has paid Mrs. W. H. Felton in appointing her United States Senator to fill the vacancy created by the death of Senator Thomas Watson, it forms an interesting commentary on the advance of public acceptance of the theory and practice of woman suffrage.

It is a curious irony of circumstance that Georgia, which is the state that fought the suffrage amendment up to the last moment, should be the one from which the first woman senator should be appointed.

It is not likely that "the Lady from Georgia" will be actually seated in the Senate, owing to the fact that a Senator to fill the unexpired term of Senator Watson is to be elected on the 7th of November, and that, unless the unexpected happens, Congress will not convene again until after the date of the election, and possibly not until the first Monday in December—the opening of the regular session.

Mrs. Felton of Cartersville, the lady chosen by the Governor of Georgia for the signal, if empty, honor of being the first woman senator, has been one of the leading exponents of woman's suffrage in the South, and generally active in women's affairs in her state. At the advanced age of eighty-seven years she is still active in various business interests, enjoys remarkably good health, and is decided and outspoken in her political ideas.

* * * *

WHEN Charles S. Gifford won his fight for nomination as congressman in the Cape Cod district, he proved the metal of a real campaigner. His selection was a logical step forward, after his years of service in the General Court of Massachusetts. In the State Senate he proved to be the master of the labyrinthine intricacies of taxation, one great problem of the times.

Ask anybody at the State House in Boston "who is the taxation expert of Massachusetts?" and they will reply, Charles S. Gifford. He has continued his campaign as he begun, devoid of personalities. His nomination was largely the result of a knowledge of his ability and his personal contact with the people. He will represent one of the oldest historic districts in the country. As a native of Cape Cod, he has done much toward the development of the home land of the republic, and was instrumental in the development of the far-famed Cotuit oyster and many other industries that have brought substantial revenue to the Cape Cod folk. His one idea in public life is to serve the people and give attention to the all-important subject of ways and means which is involved in the subject of taxation. His thorough knowledge of all phases of business will enable him to unerringly judge the needs of his constituents, as well as the legislative program necessary for the benefit of all the country. This ultimately comes back every time to the ever-recurring problem of taxation.



Photograph by Edmonson, Washington, D. C.

MRS. FRANCIS EMROY WARREN

Wife of the Senior Senator from Wyoming, and one of Washington's most popular hostesses

THERE were dark hours at the White House during the illness of Mrs. Harding. It emphasized the love and affection in which she is held. Groups waited anxiously for the news, while telegrams poured in. She had not spared herself in her work. Even during her busiest days she visited the wounded soldier boys at the Walter Reid Hospital.

The demands for a handshake at Washington have become more and more arduous. During one week in Washington, Mrs. Harding, the First Lady of the Land, shook hands with over ten thousand people. The physical energy required to do this cannot be comprehended until you stand and try shaking a pump handle ten thousand times, and then you would be omitting the exhausting variety of grasps of the visitors. One



THE BELLS OF COLUMBUS

Santo Domingo possesses a peculiar sentimental interest for Americans as being the burial place of the great discoverer

inventor has suggested that the President and Mrs. Harding have beside them a false arm, adjusted mechanically to wave the motion of a handshake with a rubber hand. Let them grasp that hand as they pass and the President could stand and smile. At least, it would save some of the muscles of the shoulders and arms, but it would not relieve the physical discomfort of standing in one position perfectly still for four and five hours.

There is one room—a little nook off the executive office, just off the circular room—where thousands shake the President's hand. Some call it the "honeymoon bower," where blushing brides and grooms prepare for the great event in their lives in meeting the President of the United States. It is there that the vanity boxes are brought forth and the last bit of dust is brushed from the bridegroom's broadcloth, and noses are replenished with powder. It is here that Laddie Boy comes forth after the Cabinet meetings to shake hands and greet the children, who hear his bark heralding the dignity of the Airedale breed.

* * *

AS a champion of reading America, Congressman Clyde Kelley has already made a record. His speech in the House on the second-class mail proposition was a most exhaustive and convincing presentation of the subject.

He was elected to Congress in 1912, defeating Hon. John Dalzell, Father of the House. Congressman Kelley has made a remarkable record as a progressive legislator. He served in the Pennsylvania Legislature, and when he became a member of Congress he started right in to do things. As a member of the Post-Office Committee he has been identified with all the post-office legislation enacted within the last ten years, and his judgment on these matters is sought by his colleagues. He has made an appeal to eliminate the zones, which has developed a sectionalism in reading matter that is dangerous. He

bases his appeal upon the purpose of the Post Office Department.

During the World War, Congressman Kelley was in France to see war conditions at first hand, and was active in shaping legislation needed for the support of troops overseas. He was present at the great Chateau-Thierry drive and was under fire on many occasions.

For twenty years he has been the publisher of *The Daily News Herald* of Braddock, Pennsylvania, one of the progressive districts in the Pennsylvania district, and as a newspaperman understands what newspapers mean to the people. It is believed that many of his suggestions will crystallize into law, because he has backed many of them by facts and figures, and the Postmaster-General, who has made an exhaustive investigation of the subject. When the distribution of newspapers and informative periodicals are strangled and suppressed and taxed for transportation far beyond the cost of blank paper, it is time for the people to wake up and find out how they have been imposed upon under the guise of taxation that should be borne by other departments.

* * *

DURING the long, drowsy hours of debate in the Senate, Senator Townsend of Michigan slipped into the outer cloak room—the old marble hall where Senators were wont to meet in days gone by, when they were a little better acquainted with their constituents. A man who hailed from the land of Henry Ford presented an idea.

"You know I have solved it all. Radio is responsible for all this trouble at the Capitol. The human body is an active conductor of radio. You can hold hands and have the contact through the tips of the fingers. Now I suggest that you just broadcast a speech from Washington and I will get out and organize a meeting to have your constituents take hold of hands and all the people from Michigan, from the boundary line to the tip of the upper peninsula, can hear your voice and feel the pressure of your handshake, eliminating all the necessity of going out and making a campaign. You can sit right here and listen in to your heart's delight on the debates and radio."

* * *

WHEN George S. Parker of Janesville, Wisconsin, first began to learn the alphabet and to dream of being a telegraph operator, he was also dreaming of sometime going around the world. He invented the Parker Pen and built up the business of the Parker Pen Company. His lucky curve became world famous, and year after year, the inventive mind of the lad who knew how to touch the keys has been adopting new ideas for invention, but no sooner does he have a product made, than he goes forth and sells it.

He has made a trip around the world and he has traveled by almost every method of transportation known to human kind, from ox cart to flying machine. Following in the wake of his travels is a demand for the Parker Pen and they have even been used to inscribe some of the ancient papyrus of Egypt.



HON. CHARLES E. TOWNSEND
The Senior Senator from Michigan is greatly interested in the St. Lawrence waterway project

He has just returned from another trip around the world, starting in at England and across through charming Switzerland, then through Milan, where I saw some of his representatives during the war, then on to India, through the Suez Canal, stopping at Aden, Arabia, then on to Bombay, among the South Sea Islands to Java. An itinerary of the places that George S. Parker has visited would pretty well cover a map of the globe. While he has been travelling he has been observing and picking up startling facts, calling attention to the fact that there are forty million people in Java alone.

He is encouraged in the belief that business everywhere is on the up turn and sees a great future in the markets of the Orient. He found Belgium the most prosperous country in Europe. There was not a single chimney that was not working.

In India he found an armed camp. He found Japan surrounded with impenetrable tariff laws and the duty on manufactured cigars was three hundred per cent. He said that there were exceptional business opportunities for American manufacturers in Asia and the Federated Malay States. He was especially enthusiastic concerning the excellent railway system in India, where they pay their tickets at the end of the journey, and two hundred people had to be checked up at the end of one trip.

The impressions of his last trip are summed up in the astonishing realization that there are so many more people outside of the United States than he ever realized before and that we have so little conception of what is going on in other parts of the globe. The English language is now universally used by world travelers.

He quite agrees that about the best of it all was to get back home and hear the welcome, "Glad to see you," of the home folks.

* * *

DURING the tariff debates the junior senator from Idaho, Frank Robert Gooding, made a profound impression as a debater during Senate arguments. His career is a story of the opportunities of the new West, and when it comes to the question of sheep and wool, they are the things he knows, and courage he never lacked.

Frank Robert Gooding was born in England in 1859, but came to America at the early age of eleven years. He attended the common schools in Van Buren County, Michigan, and moved on to California in 1877, where he began life as a farmer. In 1881 he moved to Idaho, locating at Ketchum, a picturesque mining camp in Blaine County.

During his career in that county he engaged in wood chopping and timber contracting and lived the rough primal life in a manner that accounts for his rugged character today. In 1888 he engaged in sheep raising and was at one time one of the largest owners in the state, and is still extensively interested. Chosen president of the Idaho Wool Growers in 1893, he retained the office for several years, eventually being elected head of the national organization. Elected a member of the State Senate from Lincoln County in the fifth session, he changed the fee system of the state to that of salary, has fought gambling and to considerable extent the railroads, and is not a quitter. Elected governor on the Republican ticket in 1904, he was re-elected in 1906. The Carey Act legislation was pushed to a valuable conclusion during his term. While governor he endeavored to make all state offices self-sustaining. Some of the officials have since gone to the penitentiary for becoming too arduous in pursuit of the principle. During his second term the famous Haywood-Moyer-Pettibone trials were conducted, and he showed steel in every feature of the fight. It was during this period that a friend once cautioned him to not sit too near the window of his office as he might get the same decision as Steunenberg. "Hell, let 'em shoot," was the response. "I think we've got most of 'em where they will have to stop shooting." The same forcefulness of character was noted in a recent speech in the Senate, when he

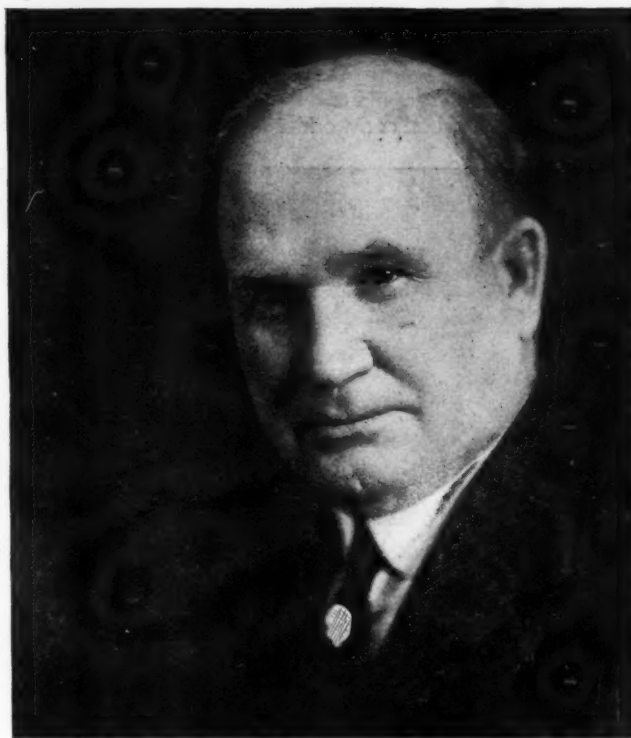


PHOTO BY FARRIS & EWING

HON. FRANK R. GOODING

The Junior Senator from Idaho is a self-made man who has reason to be proud of his product

blandly stated, "Mr. President, I expect to speak an hour, and don't want to be interrupted."

He came up from the ranks, and worked for day's wages for many years. He married Amanda J. Thomas in 1880, and during his early career one of his daughters first saw the light of day in a "sheep camp" (a covered wagon used with the sheep outfits in migrating).

Gooding is leader of the agricultural bloc in the Senate, and his work is highly satisfactory at home. He is a standpatter as a Republican, and was elected to the Senate in 1920 after a long and arduous quest for the position. Bulldog tenacity won out for him. His home is at Gooding, Idaho, where he has large interests. He is a good story teller, rough and ready in speech, and a thoroughly self-made man.

* * *

WHEN Mrs. Maud Wood Park appeared at the Rotary Club in Boston, she made friends and gave that large audience of mere men a new viewpoint on the movement of the National League of Women Voters, as she understands her subject and puts her ideas in a convincing and diplomatic way.

Mrs. Park has had wide experience in her work in Washington. She has a set of rules which have helped her to win many a hard fought battle. These are the rules:

1. Don't repeat even a slight remark made in confidence.
2. Don't nag.
3. Don't lose your temper.
4. Don't boast.
5. Don't threaten.
6. Don't give up.

Mrs. Park appreciates that there are just as many men in Congress ready to work for enlightened legislation as those of the other kind, and believes in encouraging right-minded men.

She is a graduate of Radcliffe and organized the first college equal suffrage league. She spent three years in the Orient, following the death of her husband, and became a lecturer

on questions concerning women in the Far East. She has a pleasing personality and a charm of delivery that wins her audiences.

She spent nine years in her own rooms in a tenement house, doing active neighborhood work, another year at a settlement



HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE
United States Senator from Massachusetts, leader of his party in the Senate, and committeeman on foreign relations

house in San Francisco, and has held responsible positions in many prominent movements in organizations looking toward the advancement of women.

She had much to do with the drafting and making of the bill giving independent citizenship to married women. President Harding presented her the pen which he signed the bill with.

As president of the National League of Women Voters, she has done much to overcome the prejudice of men toward women assuming their responsibilities as voters. Her lecture on Congress has attracted national admiration and has been highly commended by Carrie Chapman Catt and Alice Stone.

While primarily a student and an observ-

er, she seems to know just how to tell things that have been more or less of a mystery to women in the past. She is counted as an expert on knowing how to tell things which are done in Congress.

The purpose of the League of Women Voters is the education of women and of men as well as of citizens.

* * * *

NATIONAL interest focuses upon the Senatorial campaign in Massachusetts. The re-election of Henry Cabot Lodge is a matter of great concern to the country, at least to those who believe in the high standards of statesmanship and scholarship that the illustrious career of Henry Cabot Lodge represents. He has given a lifetime unreservedly to public service. The debt which the nation owes to him in his stalwart fight on the League of Nations can never be repaid.

He is an outstanding figure not only in the Senate but in world affairs. As Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, he has proven one of the world masters in the science of government and national legislation and international affairs. In Massachusetts and New England Henry Cabot Lodge is an institution. After one-third of a century of service, three terms in the House and thirty years in the Senate, he has covered a record of legislative achievement unparalleled.

The tribute of Theodore Roosevelt to Henry Cabot Lodge in naming him as his choice for President of the United States at the Convention at Chicago in 1916, is an estimate of services made even prior to his greater services in the work following the war.

"In view of the conditions existing, I suggest the name of Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts. He is a man of the highest integrity, of the broadest national spirit and of the keenest devotion to the public good. For thirty years he has been in

the House of Representatives and in the Senate at Washington. For twenty years he has been a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee. For a very long period he was a member of the Naval Affairs Committee. He has not only a wide experience in public affairs, but a peculiarly close acquaintance with the very type of questions now most pressing for settlement. He has consistently fought for Preparedness—preparedness for the Navy, preparedness in fortifying the Panama Canal, preparedness in upbuilding the Army. He has been on the whole the member with the largest vision and the most intelligent devotion to American needs that we have had on the Foreign Affairs Committee during this generation. He rendered distinguished service on the Alaskan Boundary International Commission. In addition, he has been one of the staunchest fighters for different measures of economic reform in the direction of justice, championing such measures as the Pure Food Law, the Safety Appliance Law, the Workmen's Compensation Act, the National Law prohibiting the labor of Children, the Hepburn Rate Bill, the bill creating a Bureau of Corporations, and many similar measures. I, therefore, urge upon you favorably to consider his name and report on it to the conferees from the Republican National Convention, and if you do not agree with me in this respect, nevertheless to transmit this telegram to the Republican conferees and to request them to place it before their Convention, at the same time yourself laying the telegram before the Progressive Convention.

"I wrote the above sentences because I felt them deep in my heart. They set forth the vital needs of this time. The nomination of Senator Lodge will meet those vital needs. I earnestly ask that what you can do to bring about that nomination in the name of our common Americanism be done.

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Tributes, appreciative of the services of Senator Lodge have come from all the men high in the councils of his party, from the President, to all Republicans who appreciate a man who has so courageously interpreted Americanism and the principles of their party. In days of old, Daniel Webster gave utterance to the classic words: "Massachusetts, there she stands!" These very words might be applied to Senator Lodge, an outstanding figure in the history of Massachusetts, a mother commonwealth in the Republic.

* * * *

A LONE parrot in a cage was hanging in the Capitol. There was a mystery about this, and the children lingered to see if the parrot would talk. This brought back memories of the July days when "Smiling Jim" Watson of Indiana, assisted by Senator McCumber of North Dakota originated the idea of illustrating the effect of tariff rates by bringing articles into the Senate for exhibition. This exhibition included everything from a toy monkey to the latest design in cuckoo clocks, pearl necklaces, curling irons, pipes and canes, but it was the toy monkey exhibition that drew the most attention, and now it was wondered if this parrot was one of the overlooked properties in the parrot and monkey session of the Senate.

It was during the toy monkey stage that sarcastic reference was made to William Jennings Bryan's attack on the Darwinian theory.

In Europe the toy monkey cost nineteen cents; landed, it cost thirty-one cents, including the tariff, but the retail price was \$2.00, so that there was a spread between the landed cost and the retail price of 545 per cent.

Jim Watson made a most effective object lesson in his tariff discussion, but best of all, as Christmas approaches, it may be disclosed where some of that array of toys of the tariff exhibit have found their way to the children and grandchildren of distinguished Congressmen. Now the question is who owns the parrot?

A word-fantasy of the world's wonderland

Devil's Golf Course at Yellowstone

Nowhere are emotions so deep and soul-impressions so vivid as among pilgrims to our national playground. In his volume, "A' Top o' the World," Joe Mitchell Chapple pictures the witchery of Nature's Dreamland

NOWHERE as well as at Yellowstone Park can one profit from the advice of John Muir: "Go lay your head in Nature's lap and let her tell you stories."

Here the Creator displays his Almighty works to humans. Here the colors of the spectrum divide into every shade and hue. Nature's own pigments are palleted into pictures eternal by the hand of God himself.

It was at the suggestion of friends that Joe Mitchell Chapple, after a recent visit to Yellowstone, endeavored to make a prosaic pen speak of the things that no person can ever adequately portray. These dream pictures of our national playground he has collected in his volume "A' Top o' the World," one chapter of which is given below.

MIDNIGHT REVELS ON THE DEVIL'S GOLF COURSE

'Tis the midnight hour, "dim-paneled in the painted scene of sleep." The night owl is hooting in the sombre hours of low twelve, while the moon seems to leap from cloud to cloud on its nightly course. Cloud shadows play hide-and-seek on the shining sands of the moonlit geyser basin. Among the rocks of the Hoodo, jagged and grim, the goblin geysers hold high carnival. The mocking bird, singing to his mate the long night through, finds cadence in the night owl's mournful call. The plains are strewn with geysers, seething and gurgling through the thick hours of the night, while Old Faithful keeps its hourly vigil.

What a setting for a gambol of the gods!

Everything in Yellowstone is measured only in superlatives.

Here imagination revels and realities are forgotten.



Photo by J. E. Haynes

ONE of the holes on the Devil's Golf Course. After successfully scoring this shot, Sir Lucifer continues his midnight game midst the marvels of our National Playground. This photograph is of the Oblong Geyser, on the opposite side of the Firehole River from Chromatic Pool. It is counted one of the finest examples of interior geyser in the park. Large masses of tan-colored geyserite form the rim, and the water is of a delicate blue. Preceding eruptions the crater fills and boils for a quarter of an hour.

This Inferno, illuminated by the lurid gleam of phosphorous vapors, vivifies the pages of Dante's tragedy. Sizzling ghostly fumes of steam from the subterranean depths joins in a rumbling, discordant chorus in the sulphur-laden air and hold high carnival in ghoulish glee.

Sir Lucifer himself, on such a night, finds relaxation on this Devil's Golf Course, a 'top o' the Rockies. The solitary glacier rock, fifty feet in diameter, darkened by the battering of ages, lone relic of the time when the valleys were filled with seas of grinding ice, tempts the devil for a midnight game of golf.

With the mighty thunderbolt of Jove, he drives it from a tee on the heights of the Teton Mountains, and it soars over hill and dale, lake and crag, sixty miles away to the first "green" at Excelsior, where the deserted Fountain House tells its story of a glorious past. From the boiling Mammoth Paint Pots, he makes a mashee approach to the yawning crater and sinks it into the Turquoise Pool in par. With sardonic grin, he tees the ball for number two, a short drive to Black Growler Vent spewing forth its murky venom. The ball lands in Frying Pan Spring. Sir Lucifer, with sulphurous remarks, brings the niblick into play and finishes the hole, two-down. Mopping the perspiration from his brow that was forming rivulets that flow down the mountain side, he drives towards the Devil's Kitchen at Mammoth. Here, under the halo of Angel Terrace of snow-white purity, scintillating, mirror-like, in all of its pristine beauty, he realizes the bunkers and hazards



Photo by J. E. Haynes

STUMPED by Electric Peak. Here His Satanic Majesty is unable to use his brassie because of the magnetic influence of the peak, and fails miserably to set up a creditable score in his nocturnal game of golf

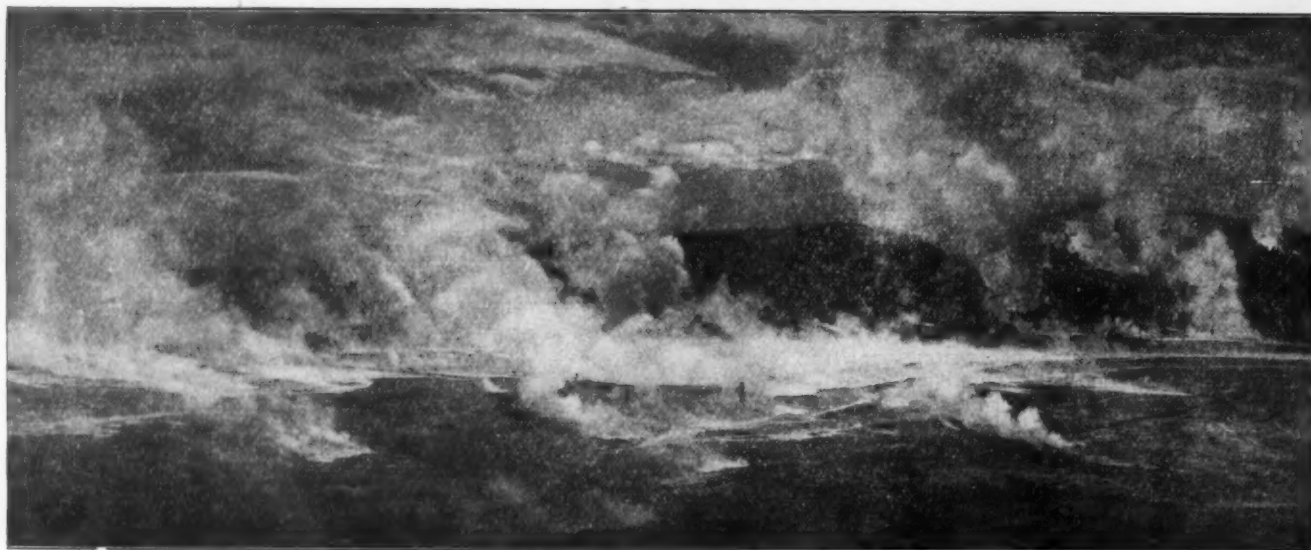


Photo by J. E. Haynes

NORRIS BASIN, battleground of the geysers. Here the tourist walks over an area where the earth seems like a thin crust with the raging and seething caldrons below. The mud geyser came into action on the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Yellowstone Park, 1922, and was christened "Semi-Centennial." The roar of geysers in action makes one think of the escaping steam of an express locomotive. It resembles a battleground overseas over which the smoke and halo of geyser steam ever hangs

that must ever keep him from winning the contest against the heavenly embattlements. Yet, with a mighty swing, he carries it through across Wraith Falls and over the tops of the petrified trees, across Roosevelt Camp, and into the Buffalo Farm.

"Fore!" he shouts, and the great herds of buffalo scatter in wild stampede.

Teeing the ball, he spans the Grand Canyon in one mighty stroke before the gallery of wild-eyed bison, sending it to rest at Inspiration Point. Here even the Devil himself is entranced by the beauty of the spot, but forces himself to go on with the game. From this high pinnacle, he drives to Osprey's Nest, near Turbid Lake and the Wedded Trees.

On the apex of a petrified stump, he tees his ball for the next long drive across Yellowstone Lake to West Thumb, but falling short, loses his ball in the Lake. He indulges in more golf vernacular.

Taking a magnet from Electro Mountain, he fishes it out for his next shot, Heart's Lake, which lies under the shadow of Mt. Sheridan, across the Continental Divide. He makes a flub which starts an avalanche. Back again across the divide, and over Shoshone Lake, he drives to the ninth hole, where the Morning Glory Pool reigns in all her royal robes in the shadow of Old Faithful. After a bad slice, he misses his mark and a new geyser explodes where the ball strikes. Then, as the morning rays of the sun glisten on the edges of the mountain peaks, he takes himself back into the mountain fastnesses, as the geysers, marking the holes on the Eighteen Hole course, spout forth in ghoulish glee over his flub score.

Such is the nightmare of the golf fan when he realizes on that night that there is no golf course—or eighteen holes, within the park, on which to measure his own strength with the hazards of nature.

Only a golf fan would have such weird, fantastic hallucinations; but, after all, why not let imagination run riot now and then, and have a game on a sporty course that is not mapped out in the domain of golfdom?

The folk are all wearing knickers, boys and girls, men and women—all of which suggest golf—so golf it is.

The nocturnal golf game of His Satanic Majesty did not score to his satisfaction, and again tradition records the fall of Lucifer. He has not been able to use his brassie because of the magnetic influence of Electric Peak, which defies all of the surveying instruments of man, and causes an ordinary compass to dance the jazz.

Yellowstone Park is approached by four entrances: North, South, East, and West,

like the gates of the New Jerusalem portrayed in the holy book, Revelations. Each gate is a pearl of memory. His Impship defied the portals used by man and refused to play his game on the square.

The picture of Yellowstone Park as a playground, with a fanciful golf course dotted with brimstone greens and suffused with sulphur hazards is almost complete. To finish this dream picture, the contrast is furnished in the story that now lurks alone in the mysterious traditions of the Midnight Revels on the Devil's Golf Course.

Your Child's Education—

Suppose every school in the nation closed its doors. You'd fight mighty hard to open those doors again.

Public education is fundamental in the development of every child and vital to American progress.

"It is the state's biggest business," declares Governor Thomas Chipman McRae of Arkansas.

He is vigorous and constructive, yet he spares neither his own pride nor that of his people in disclosing the hideous facts about our backwardness.

In the history of his state and of the nation Governor McRae will be known as one of America's greatest educational leaders.

If you remember the days at the old red school house, or if you have a boy or a girl in school today, it is of supreme importance that you read

"Governor McRae Puts Education First"
in an early issue of the NATIONAL.

(One of the series of articles on the governors of the states of the Union appearing regularly)

Harvesting the sea

Frank Davis Goes Fishing *for Everybody!*

Most any boy would like this man's job. At an early age he went to sea from historic Gloucester, and now he selects the best of each catch for one hundred and twenty-five thousand families

THE fascination about the word "fishing" begins in childhood days with the bent pin and the truant journey to the brook or pond; it grows with the years and is quickened by the aroma of the sizzling frying pan beside the forest stream or at the clam bake on the seashore.

Since the early aborigines hungrily poised themselves above a favorite cleft in the rocks, waiting the opportunity to thrust pointed sticks through one of the denizens of the waters, mankind has always found sustenance in the great oceans and lakes and rivers and brooks of the earth. Food from the waters of the world is as common as air to human lungs.

There is something in the tang of the sea that invigorates, and in the foods of the sea it is now generally recognized, the elements of health and vitality abound. The brine of the mists drifting in from salt waters seems to give a distinctive flavor to sea foods, making them delicacies for those far from the water as well as the substantial diet for those on shore or sailing the deep.

The Apostle fishermen of Galilee have marked the vocation of fishing an honored one.

In the midst of the early tradition of courageous daring of American fisher folk, I sought the best-known fisherman in the world. It was at Gloucester, recognized from the earliest days of the Republic as the great sea fishing port of the world, that I met Frank Eben Davis. Here in this city by the sea generation after generation of his ancestors have braved the dangers of the deep. The pen of Rudyard Kipling was inspired to describe the sturdy men who have gone down to the sea in ships and wrested from the depths and banks the treasure food of the world. Tragedies of shipwreck and dear ones lost at sea are interwoven with stirring romance and adventure associated with Cape Ann folk. More families than one in historic Gloucester have learned the sorrow in the old couplet, "for man must work and woman must weep."

At an early age young Frank E. Davis, descendant of a sturdy Welsh sailor who sought a home in America shortly after the Pilgrims landed, took up the vocation of his father and went to sea in a fishing schooner. The experiences on the fishing banks and the toughening life of the fishermen of those days made young Davis dream of the day he could enter some good occupation ashore. But he didn't just wait. As he worked he learned everything that was known about fish; not only how they were caught, but how they were cured, salted, smoked, and preserved—processes made necessary in providing the schooners with a food supply which would last.



FRANK EBEN DAVIS, president of the Frank E. Davis Fish Company of Gloucester, looking over some drying codfish on one of his wharves. When a boy, Davis left a job on a fishing schooner to become a plumber. Friends, remembering his sea experiences, often asked him to select a prize fish for them on his way home from work. Soon he was making regular stops both morning and evening, and when friends in Boston joined in the request for fish, Davis saw his big opportunity. His company today is the only concern in Gloucester selling fish exclusively direct to the consumer, and thousands of commendatory letters have been written by his customers. "I like the fish business," he says. "I would rather serve good fish to people than do anything else in the world." That is the secret of his success

At the age of sixteen, Frank E. Davis reached a determination. He walked up the wharf at Gloucester set upon getting a job with opportunity ahead and the chance to build up a business of his own ashore. He attended the Commercial high school and worked nights and Sundays to perfect and increase his knowledge of the rudiments of business.

Soon he secured a position in a plumbing shop. It began to be known that young Davis was not only a first-rate manager, but an efficient accountant as well.

Occasionally friends, remembering his days at sea, would ask him to select a good mackerel for them at the wharves on his way home from work. It wasn't long before other friends joined in, and Davis made regular stops at the wharves both early in the morning and late at night to select the prize fish of each catch as it came in. Then friends in Boston joined in the request. Davis saw his big opportunity. So in 1885, he cut loose from the comfortable salary he was receiving, not without a shade of

regret, and went into business for himself. He would make his life work selling quality fish.

Always in those ambitious early days he saw visions of the sign "Frank E. Davis," standing out as the emblem of the best fish that could be had. He refused to take on any side lines and dealt only in fish, specializing in mackerel.

Then he got the conviction that he could sell salt mackerel direct by mail to a vast number of people who could not buy in person. It was an unheard of practice, but Mr. Davis became the pioneer and today his letter files furnish interesting evidence of customers whose first contact was the result of a two-cent stamp. There was something sincere and earnest about the way he first called on his mail customers. They believed his story about fish, and he kept right on proving it by every fish he shipped.

The business increased rapidly, and his wife and family joined right in each day to help him fill rush orders and avoid delays.

Continued on page 238

Where music dwells

... Like thoughts whose very sweetness yielded proof
That they were born for immortality. —WORDSWORTH

The Story of Music in America

Ridiculed and shunned by the early colonists as an evil thing, music entered America through the church. From a single counter in a tiny bookshop Oliver Ditson first sold music. Thus originated the pioneer music house of America, which has preserved for all time, in a series of notable volumes, the works of the world's master composers

THERE was small hope for the future of America during the Colonial period if one believed, with Shakespeare, that "the man that hath no music in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

To the Puritans, singing was a term of reproach, synonymous with evil. To sing by music, one of our ancestors declared, was "quakerish and popish, and introductive of instrumental music; the names given to the notes are blasphemous; it is a needless way since our fathers are gone to heaven without it; its admirers are a company of young upstarts; they spend too much time about learning and carry out a-nights disorderly." Many others offered equally strenuous and weighty objections.

The only chance for the musically inclined came on Sunday, when church-goers might repeat in parrot-like fashion the words and the tune chosen by an inspired pastor. Singing by rote was the custom, and each psalm was "lined out" by the deacon and amplified in turn by the congregation.

While colonists ridiculed the few venture-some Bostonians who met in singing class to learn "ungodly songs," the mighty Handel was dominating London's musical life under the patronage of George the First, while in Germany, Bach, in some respects the greatest composer the world has ever seen, was living the quiet life of Kapellmeister to an obscure German prince.

Yet out of the arid waste of forbidding theology which marked the Colonies rose the Republic of America, and out of America an outstanding musical institution of world import.

About the time that Ralph Waldo Emerson, as a boy of eight, was driving the family cow to pasture across what is now Boston Common, Oliver Ditson was born in Boston. His grandfather had been a soldier of the Revolution. His father had only recently moved to the metropolis of New England, after his marriage to a daughter of Solomon Pierce, another Revolutionary hero who had been wounded at the Battle of Lexington. As though this military ancestry were not enough, the country was again plunged, a year after his birth, into the turmoil of the War of 1812. The year 1811 had also marked the birth of Thackeray, Charles Sumner, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and the year before, the birth of Chopin, Schumann, and Ole Bull.

A book and music store of Colonel Ebenezer Battelle, founded immediately after the Revolution, had passed down from hand to hand to Colonel Samuel H. Parker, and it was here that Oliver Ditson, as a boy of twelve, first went to work.

In the Colonial days music shops had been unknown. Authors printed their own com-

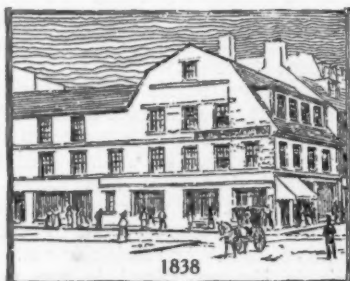


THE late Oliver Ditson, pioneer music publisher of America. From an oil painting in the president's room of the ten-story marble structure which houses the Oliver Ditson Company today

positions and personally distributed them. Then booksellers began handling music, and there are instances of its being on sale at places which also handled "paper hangings for rooms," and umbrellas and parasols.

When Colonel Battelle, a Harvard graduate, had opened his bookshop in 1783, immediately after the close of the Revolutionary War, he emphasized the valuable collection of music books in which he was to specialize. This little shop was in reality the nucleus of the world institution that was to be. It passed through various hands until taken over in 1811 by Samuel H. Parker.

Oliver Ditson worked three years with Colonel Parker, and then began learning to set type in a printing office. Here he spent



1838

seven years mastering everything that was known about publishing at that time. His ambition and ability soon outgrew his position, so in 1835, when twenty-four years old, he began publishing music in his own name in a tiny store on Washington Street.

Not much later Colonel Parker, his former employer, moved into the same building, and within a year the rivals became partners. Then they moved out of their cramped quarters into the famous Old Corner Book Store of Boston.

Music publishing was in the same primitive stage as other arts in America at that



1917

FROM a single counter in a little corner bookshop to an institution of national—even of international—scope, the House of Ditson has grown. Simple and dignified, the structure of today, overlooking historic Boston Common, is the culmination of an evolution and growth of nearly ninety years

time. The modern era was unborn. Even in 1840, the year Mr. Ditson was married to a descendant of Governor Bradford of the Plymouth Colony, there was not a telegraph line in the world, and there were far more stage lines than railroads. Chicago was a town of some four thousand people, and Boston boasted less than one hundred thousand.

In 1842 the firm of Parker and Ditson was dissolved, when Mr. Ditson bought out his partner's interests and carried on the business in his own name. His boy-of-all-work, whom he employed for \$1.50 a week, was John C. Haynes. Twelve years later he became a partner of Oliver Ditson & Co.

The business of the company grew steadily and frequently other concerns were absorbed in the process of expansion.

Reaching out into the rapidly growing West, Mr. Ditson established a young man named John Church at Cincinnati in 1860, and two others, P. J. Healy and George W. Lyon, at Chicago in 1864. The present music houses of Lyon & Healy and the John Church Company attest the wisdom of his selections.

In 1867, Firth, Son & Company of New York City was absorbed and a branch house was established there under the management of Oliver Ditson's eldest son, Charles, with the firm name of Chas. H. Ditson & Company.

On December 21, 1888, the pioneer in music publishing in America passed away at the age of seventy-seven, but the company he had established on so firm a foundation was continued in his name by the two other partners, Mr. Haynes and Mr. Charles H. Ditson, the son.

In the scores of years since the business was housed in the little Washington Street building, it had grown steadily, until first five, then eight stories, were necessary. Mr. Haynes passed away in 1907, after sixty-two years connection with the house, and the presidency of the corporation devolved fittingly upon the son of the founder, Mr. Charles Healy Ditson. The eight-story building then housing the firm became too cramped, and in 1917 the present magnificent ten-story structure of white marble in adapted Renaissance style was completed.

Here, facing Boston Common and overlooking the fields where much of interest in American history occurred, where great men have walked, and great deeds have been done, stands the institution today. From the president's room on the tenth floor one glances out over the Common at the State House of Massachusetts, then on to the Charles River and Cambridge, with the tower of Harvard's Memorial Hall silhouetted against the hills beyond.

On the face of the building are carved decorations of musical instruments surrounding panels that contain the names of composers to whose work the instruments are appropriate. With the name of Gounod are the drums and trumpets of the march in Faust; with Verdi, the guitar; with Wagner, the horns and tragic mask; with Schubert, the lyre of song.

The street floor is given over entirely to the retail music store, without question one of the largest and most perfectly appointed in the country. On the second floor, phono-



CHARLES H. DITSON, president of the Oliver Ditson Company and son of the founder. His courage and faith in the lovers of music in America made possible the Musicians Library, which has rescued from oblivion much of the work of the master composers and immortalized all of it

graphs and records are displayed, while on the third is the wholesale music department.

On the fourth floor are the musical instruments, and here can be found everything used in band or orchestra, from almost price-less violins to the Chinese drum of the percussion player. Here, too, is the most beautiful of instruments to the eye—the harp—ranging from the quaint little one of Irish ancestry to the most superb concert productions of Lyon & Healy, unequalled

in the world. The vision of Mr. Ditson, who foresaw the growth of the Middle West and sent Healy and Lyon as young men to Chicago when it was scarcely more than a frontier town, has borne fruit in the development and improvement of the oldest of musical instruments.

On the fourth floor, the experts of the delicate craft of musical instrument repair are located.

Far aloft on the tenth floor, a fitting culmination to the institution, are the luxurious executive offices, paneled with oak. The crowning achievement is the president's room, with dark quartered oak woodwork, floor of dull red Mercer tiles, fireplace of Botticino marble, topped with a carved oak mantel, and two side walls occupied by glassed-in bookcases. Above the fireplace is the portrait of the late Oliver Ditson, founder of the house.

Here before the very doors of this edifice, made possible by America's love for music, British troops once shocked religious Bostonians by racing their horses on Sunday or causing their hands to blare the strains of "Yankee Doodle" outside the church doors. Beyond the Common one looks out upon the even ranks of Back Bay house roofs, where once the waters lapped the marshy banks, and where, on the night of April 18, 1775, British troops took their boats on the eve of the Battle of Lexington, rowing with muffled oars to the shore of Cambridge.

Directly across the Common stood long ago the hut and orchard of the Reverend William Blackstone, the hermit of Shawmut. It was from him that the town of Boston bought for thirty pounds his rights to the peninsula, reserving forty-four acres for a "trayning field" and for "the feeding of



STREET floor of the Oliver Ditson Building, the most perfectly appointed retail music store in the country if not in the world. Above are other floors devoted to the sale of phonographs and records, wholesale music, musical instruments, musical instrument repairing, and the executive offices

cattell"—and this tract of land is the Boston Common of today.

In the immediate vicinity of America's pioneer music publishing house, the first treatise on singing was published in America, and the first music, the first musical instruction book, and the first book wholly of American composition were printed. Not far away stands Park Street Church, where "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" was first sung.

There is no more perfect exemplification of the possibility of human relationship between employer and employee than at the Oliver Ditson Company. There is little tardiness. The sick are cared for with all the attention of a true family relationship. Those who have served to an elderly age, and there are many of them, have easier hours. All fulfill the institution's belief of keeping young by work. Almost a dozen have been connected with the business for more than fifty years, among whom is the president. Mr. Clarence A. Woodman, general manager, who, with Edward H. Briggs, treasurer, co-operated in planning the interior of the Ditson building, has himself a record of forty-eight years' service, while Mr. Briggs will soon begin his thirty-fifth year with the Ditson company. There are scores of others with thirty, twenty, and ten-year records. The World War service flag of the Ditson Company carries twenty-seven stars.

Twenty-one years ago William Arms Fisher, composer, critic, and for long the editor and publishing manager of the company, awoke one morning with an insistent idea—that of planning and publishing a series of notable volumes that would include the masterpieces of song and piano music.

Shortly after, he took the train for New York to enlist the authority and support of the son of America's great pioneer publisher. The breadth of the scheme, the satisfaction of doing a big thing, and doing it in the best possible way, appealed at once to Mr. Charles H. Ditson, who thereupon gave it his sanction and the essential financial backing.

The great sums of money expended in this large undertaking have perhaps never been counted, but music-lovers owe more than can be readily put in cold type to the enthusiastic, discriminating, and constructive work that has gone into the Musicians Library; to Mr. Fisher, who had the vision twenty-one years ago to plan this great series, and to the man of faith and courage, Mr. Ditson, who has been willing to spend generously, even lavishly, for the sake of a high accomplishment.

Here lovers of music find in eighty-five independent volumes the selected masterpieces of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, Grieg, Haydn, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, and the rest. Krehbiel, Finck, Henderson, Aldrich, Philip Hale, and others of their merit have written the prefaces, and in addition is a biographical essay and the best obtainable portrait of the composer.

The most recent volumes in this great series are two books of Modern Russian Songs authoritatively edited by Ernest Newman of London, and in celebration of the century of his birth the piano works of César Franck, edited by his eminent pupil, Vincent d'Indy, the composer.



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, authoress, seated at a superb Lyon & Healy concert harp, one of the almost countless instruments carried by the Oliver Ditson Company. The vision of Mr. Ditson, who foresaw the growth of the Middle West and sent Healy and Lyon as young men to Chicago when it was scarcely more than a frontier town, has borne fruit in the development of the oldest of musical instruments

The choice of Henry E. Krehbiel, music critic of the New York *Tribune*, as editor of some of the volumes of the Musicians Library, was especially fortunate. He has rescued from seeming oblivion many of the masterpieces of opera from the sixteenth century up to the present. In his life of Beethoven, which is a translation and revision of the monumental work on that composer by Alexander Wheelock Thayer, the story of the master musician's struggles with poverty is strikingly told. The two volumes of his piano music, compiled by Eugen D'Albert, show Beethoven at his very best.

For years Beethoven was afflicted with deafness, and never heard many of his later

compositions. The Ditson collection embodies the tribute of W. J. Henderson, the *New York Herald* critic, when he wrote:

Thou could'st not hear in earthly way; and so
Did'st learn of other worlds, where spirits dwell,
To share with us, when sore our need.

Thy wounded heart hath paid our price so well,
We rise from all of woe to joyous swell,
On surging throb of thine Adagio.

The Musicians Library has broadened knowledge and vitalized taste in the finest songs and piano music of the world. Its compilation has been without exaggeration the outstanding achievement of the age in music publishing.

To take an example, we find in the volume of Richard Strauss (Continued on page 245)

Striking twelve with popular literature

An Alarm Clock in the Book World

Showing how one enterprising firm of publishers has upset the old-time ultra-conservative idea of dignified restraint in the exploiting of their wares

FOR a long time there has been a saying among advertising men that the book business is twenty years behind the times. The joke of it is that, as regards the advertising of the new books brought before the public from year to year, the critics are in the main absolutely right! If you chance to have known any individual author for a year or so you've probably heard him complain that his publishers were bringing out his new book with their customary secrecy. It's one of the standard wheezes of the business.

Other businesses have been learning, during the present commercial era, that intelligent publicity bears about the same relationship to success that a church bell bears to the eleven o'clock service. People have to be reminded. But with books—unless you happen to be one of the limited number especially interested in them, the trite notices usually inserted to announce their publication aren't likely to make you pause long in your flight to the sporting page, or the stock market, or fashion section, or wherever else your heart lies. You probably have a lot of books anyhow. Now, this attractive automobile which you can't help seeing on your quest for the page you want—that's different. Isn't the picnic scene attractive—jove, but that would be good sport for an autumn week-end when the weather's fine!

You've nibbled!

"You're the fellow the manufacturer put that ad there for, and it has done its job! He's already sold you an idea; in time he may sell you a car. Even if he doesn't, your enthusiasm for the *idea* may help him sell it to somebody else, and in the meantime that announcement has had the same effect on thousands of other readers that it had on you. So it's worth all it costs and more. And that ad may increase your life by years before its traceable effect is finally over, for the manufacturer is probably telling the truth—he's found that it pays—and that car probably will furnish you with all of the recreation and all of the health that the ad subtly suggests. Honesty in advertising used to be considered idealistic. Now it's known to be plain self-preservation.

The point here is that the attractive big auto ad made you pause while the matter-of-fact booklist didn't. The former caught your eye and talked about one thing, and not enough of that to become tedious. The latter inventoried most of the goods that

this particular publisher had in his shop this year, and probably suggested that you send for catalogue of further odds and ends.

And therein lies the secret that has enabled Ray Long, a former newspaper editor, who is now editor-in-chief of a group of half a dozen magazines and who believes ideas are a much better inheritance than money, to put a new book publishing house on the map. On the map? All over the map! For its age the infant is doing wonders in the matter of rapid growth. During three successive years the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation—that's its name—has averaged more sales per published title, and landed a higher percentage of its books on the American Library Association's list of

big house for another generation or so, and that the first fifty years were the hardest.

"People really do love stories—they always have and they always will," said Mr. Long when a surprisingly successful business was still in the nebulous state of an intangible idea, an unexpressed protest. "Even back in the days of primitive man," he reasoned on, "groups used to gather round the fire and forget the forest dangers while the world's first story-tellers, themselves revelling in their newly-discovered powers, invented glorious tales of conquests by imaginary heroes—heroes who had to combat terrors that made child's play of the puny little dangers daily encountered by the listeners—heroes, too, whose ingenuity overcame Nature's greatest obstacles in truly miraculous fashion and who lived lives that were bound to be taken as shining or terrible examples by those who were lucky enough to hear of them. Thus mythology came into being, and challenged man to equal, through his own imagination and ingenuity, the deeds and lives of the heroes he admired.

"And so it has been on down through the ages. In medieval times the minstrel journeyed from castle to castle to sing long tales of valorous achievement and paint word pictures of lands and peoples far away, and thus, as in the earlier ages, to lend inspiration and impetus to men's thought. And on down to today, when there is more mental competition between individuals and nations than ever before in the world's history, and more need of periodic relaxation and imaginative recreation—why the magic of the story-teller's power has more of a place in the scheme of things now than ever before.

"Of course people love stories, and need them. Then why in the mischief do we hear so much about good books going begging, and people in this country reading fewer books than the people of France and England and other civilized countries? A significant new novel is front-page news in the French newspapers, and the controversy springing up around it often stays on the front pages for weeks. As for Americans—in the first place, they are not very

different, by and large, from any other man-sized people; in the second place, as everybody knows, American soldiers during the war proved to be the most omnivorous readers in the world. To vast numbers of them, moreover, the idea of books for



From drawing by
James Montgomery Flagg

James Oliver Curwood, one of the most popular and widely-read American authors

recommendations, than any of the old-line houses. Last year was its best to date, and it is not quite four years old now. Just a few years ago, however, general belief in the book publishing world was to the effect that there wouldn't be room for another

pleasure actually seemed a new experience. Obviously there must have been something wrong with the communication system prior to the war."

Having reasoned this far—and it is on just such logical analyses that most of the progress in this man's world is based—it was no great jump to the solution. During the past two generations Americans have come more and more to depend upon advertising. It's different abroad, though in England it's not so different now as it was ten years ago. But here—look at any group of advertising pages, and you will find they convey more than mere sales talk about this or that brand of article. They convey actual news, scientific information, and a liberal sprinkling of that vague and intangible but ever-intriguing element known as "human interest." They even contain an amazing amount of sociological data.

Claiming too much at last?

Not at all. Consider:

In New York, at a recent luncheon of The Dutch Treat Club—one of the most significant organizations of writers, editors and artists in this country—the publisher of a famous British newspaper made an illuminating comment upon the advertisements in American magazines. He and his associates, he said, were able to learn more about how millions of American families were living, and what they were doing, and what luxuries and ultra-modern conveniences they were able to afford for their homes, than could possibly have been learned from any other source on earth. And he was right. It can be done. Think of what the man from Mars could learn from an hour's perusal of a standard mail-order catalogue, for instance!

If the American public had become accustomed to receiving its business communications in attractive advertising form—for it was the size and attractive form of that automobile ad referred to earlier that enabled it to get its message across—no wonder the American public wasn't buying many books! It wasn't being told about them in a manner that would get its attention. Therefore it wasn't really being told about them at all.

Other publishers, it was true, had "tested" extensive advertising for individual books to see if that happened to be what the matter was, and had reported the effort a complete fizzle. Only a certain amount per copy on the estimated sale of a book could be put into advertising—everybody knew that—and the publisher really does get a very small percentage of profit out of the sale of a book. And so the house goes on printing the same sort of book notices that have been appearing for the last two or three generations—long lists of titles accompanied by a sentence or two of description for each book, with the author's name and the price appended and a sort of take-it-or-leave-it air of indifference over the whole thing. While other businesses have been learning that, in all-around human interest, the advertising department must effectively compete with the editor of the publication in which both make their bow to the reader!

Ray Long had a theory that a few sure-fire authors were better than a brigade of

slim chances. He believed in taking three or four and pushing them for all he was worth, and he had the courage of his convictions in spite of the drab pessimism of most of the other publishing houses. Many other book publishers bring out an average of one to seven books a week. Approximately ten thousand new books are published each year. And every few months the public, through word of mouth advertising, or gossip, or through hearing a volume vigorously denounced, singles out one from this vast parade of books and makes a best seller of it. A sale of a hundred thousand copies is—or a few years ago was—considered colossal. A hundred thousand copies would stretch over twelve miles if they were laid end to end. And their sale would pay office expenses for a year or so. The new company would bring out six or seven books a year and make sure in advance they were volumes in which the members of the organization could place real faith. Some of them would be books on which a big sale could not be expected—handsome art editions of earlier masterpieces, such as the Wyeth edition of "The White Company" to be published this year, but the ambitious goal would be at least two "best sellers" out of each year's output. The method of attack was the simple expedient of telling the public in as attractive and forceful a way as possible just what these books were about, and what effect they would be likely to have on your spare time—what sort of an investment for your two dollars the volumes would make. Moreover, the ads would have to be big enough for average readers to see them. As for cost—every experiment requires courage. This much was sure: those who were looking for book ads would see them if they were tiny, but others wouldn't, and both groups would see them if they were big. The book world smiled and waited.

* * *

At the military training camps, James Oliver Curwood had been voted the most popular American author during the war. And he had for years been practically a protegee of Ray Long's. It was with his novel titled "The River's End" that the experiment was begun, three years ago. The campaign started with half-page advertisements in the newspapers of the principal cities. They were attractively illustrated and forcefully presented. Everybody would see them, and thousands who hadn't read a novel in months or years would begin thinking about the pleasure they had once got out of some musty book in years gone by. Even if they didn't buy the book, they would come nearer being sold on the idea of reading than they had been for years, and their enthusiasm might later influence other sales. Moreover, if they were normal, regular Americans with a love of romance and a strong dash of adventure, they would like that book when they read it. It was that kind of book. And if they liked it, they would tell others about it, and give copies of it for presents to friends who would also like it.

The experiment worked. Curwood's best previous sale had been about thirty thousand copies. "The River's End" reached a

hundred thousand, and the little retail book stores throughout the country began to sit up and take notice, but they thought it more a lucky strike than anything else.

The next year another of Ray Long's hand-picked selections was added to the list—Peter B. Kyne—who had also attained a previous sale of about thirty thousand copies for one volume but who, Ray Long believed, was writing fiction that hundreds of thousands of Americans would enjoy if they could only be induced to read it. Both Kyne and Curwood, the former with "Kidd of the Dust," the latter with "The Valley of Silent Men," went considerably beyond the hundred thousand mark.

The retailers took more notice than before, now, for this new concern was bringing them real revenue. And it gained them new customers. If it was only luck, it was at least a lucky streak.

Last year Coningsby Dawson was added to the list and Kyne and Curwood each produced a new novel—the editor's new idea had put them both on their mettle to produce the very best work of which they were capable. All three broke their previous records, and in one year the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation brought out three best sellers. The new concern was a permanent success.

This year they're doing it again—Curwood with "The Country Beyond," a novel over which his publishers are more optimistic than ever; and Kyne with a book featuring his famous old *Cappy Ricks* character, one of the most widely-known fiction characters that any modern writer has produced. Also, some of the additional books on which great sale had not been anticipated are going into large figures this year, "The Wild Heart," for instance—a handsomely decorated volume of whimsical nature stories by Emma Lindsay-Squier; and a health book written by Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Commissioner of Health of New York City. In the meantime the concern is laying its plans for the addition of two other big-league authors to its list next year.

But Ray Long's original idea—an idea, as is so often the case, that others had thought of and spurned, or tried half-heartedly and dropped—has done more than put a new company on the map. It has greater significance than that. During the war, when American soldiers read so many books, direct communication between a well-informed few and the millions in khaki was temporarily both possible and easy, and that had much to do with the sudden renaissance of reading in this country. But even habits, especially good ones, are apt to be temporary unless, as with the eleven o'clock service, people are constantly reminded. A decade or so ago it might have occurred to a Carnegie, or some other immensely rich and benevolent gentleman, to advertise the pleasure of reading, in the hope of making an excellent national habit permanent, but any book publisher would have told him that while it might be all right as philanthropy, the idea could never be made to pay dividends. Now it has been made to pay dividends, and as a result—who knows?—books may some day become front-page news in America, too.

A few pages of gossip about

Affairs and Folks

Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes about some people who are doing worth-while things

IT is Robert Blatchford, in a London paper, who has recently insisted that the plea of working classes being too wearied to think and not having the time required for self-education, cuts no ice. Hours of labor are shorter, conditions of life and labor are better, and facilities for studying and training are improved. It is time that we stopped the talk about conditions preventing any man from educating himself and improving his condition. Any boy or girl in any mine, shop, or factory can secure an education if he or she has the thirst for knowledge and is capable of assimilating it.

This is the declaration of an eminent leader in England, who insists that culture is possible to all who want it, and he tells of a collier boy who may become a Mayor of Showbent, but not all the collier boys, because there is only one Mayor in a town.

The fact is often overlooked that many a man lacks a good education merely because he was indifferent and lacked the impulse of making the most of what was offered. We cannot all know everything. Out of over two thousand human beings, there is scarcely one who knows what world he inhabits, and out of the hundreds of thousands, only one may be really well informed. They forget the hours and hours of leisure moments that are squandered, perhaps by the playing of cards, by useless or even injurious recreation, sometimes called "pleasure" and recreation.

Any man who will try can inspire another with the ideal of wanting to do something for himself and add something to his information and push on toward a definite goal. Think you that any man would not stop to help a boy seeking real information in the library, instead of something that would warp his mind and appeal to the abnormal taste.

The loan of books by Mr. Anderson to Andrew Carnegie resulted in millions being given to libraries. You cannot know where the seed of a noble impulse will fall. LaSalle Extension University has certainly showered the seed of good intention and gathered the pollen that has brought to a blossom the hopes and fruition to many thousands.

It may have been launched as a commercial enterprise, it may have preyed on the cupidities and vanities of some, but the great mass in the fruitage is definite because it points out in records definitely in black and white the progress of education in the lives of hundreds of thousands of individuals, and also has to show in the achievements of those alumnus the glorious fruitage and harvest of self-educated and self-made men and women who are grateful enough to admit that they owe their success to LaSalle Extension University.



Character study of
RAY LONG
by James Montgomery Flagg

THE book publishing world before Ray Long invaded it was a pretty staid, quiet, conservative sort of place that believed in observing all the time-honored conventions and continuing to do business along about the same lines that the pioneers of the trade inaugurated. Mr. Long, as the guiding genius of the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, has busted all the conventions of the trade wide open and is putting book publishing on the level with other big business

Moving a Town by Truck is a Simple Matter for this Man

RAPID development in the motor truck industry is quite frequently bringing to public notice the activities of men in the solution of transportation problems.

Walter A. Kysor, president of the Acme Motor Truck Company of Cadillac, Michigan, and in charge of engineering, has just recently, through the engineering and production departments of this company, successfully worked out a most interesting and important achievement in transportation.



WALTER A. KYSOR, president of the Acme Motor Truck Company of Cadillac, Michigan, thinks nothing of moving an entire town to a new location twelve miles distant by means of a specially-built truck and trailer

Nothing less, in fact, than the actual moving of a small manufacturing town twelve miles over an ordinary highway by means of a specially-built motor truck in conjunction with a huge trailer.

Many of the homes weigh approximately forty tons and measure 24 x 42 feet and are two stories high. However, the truck equipment is so perfectly designed for the work in hand that the houses are subjected to very little twist or jar, plaster is not even cracked, and it is expected that a few families will be moved in their houses.

Jennings, Michigan, the town that is being moved bodily away, was founded more than a quarter of a century ago by one of the large lumber companies of northern Michigan. For years the giant maples and beech trees on the hills surrounding Jennings fed the crews of men armed with axes and cross-cut saws, but the time came when the last tree had been cut and now the end of the once prosperous and happy town has been reached. The old "opera house" band stand, roller skating rink, community house, even the old village jail are to be torn down,

while the residences are being moved to Cadillac.

There was but one common industry in Jennings—wood working. A chemical and flooring plant and a big saw mill gave employment to the men of the town. The saw mill and chemical plant have been torn down and within a few weeks the flooring plant will be razed and the machinery moved.

The company which owned the mills and the majority of the residents wanted to build new factories at Cadillac, and they wanted the old employees to go with them. Moving the town was the only solution. An attempt was made last winter to move the residences by sleighs, but the plan failed; then the scheme to move by motor truck and trailer was born, and it is proving a success.

The houses are jacked up and the big trailer backed under, then the screws holding the jacks are removed and the house, weighing from thirty-five to forty tons, is ready to start on the twelve-mile journey. When the house arrives in Cadillac, the trailer is backed to the desired location and the jacks again placed under it, the truck pulls out and returns to the rapidly disappearing town, and thus the work goes on.

From a commercial standpoint the venture is a success, for as the houses stand in the village they would be worth practically nothing, but once they are placed in Cadillac, which has a housing shortage, they are worth from \$1,500 to \$3,000 each.

There is something of cheer in the move, for it will be possible for a working man, whose pay envelope is small, to own one of these homes at a small investment.

Mr. Kysor's experience in engineering work covers a period of twenty-one years, during which time he has designed many labor-saving machines for wood-working factories and leather tanneries. Structural steel design also represents a part of his experience. The structural steel work for one of the first large theatre balconies having no supporting columns was designed by Mr. Kysor several years ago, and at the time was considered an unusual engineering feat. Up until that time and since, in the older theatres, columns under the balcony were a constant joy-killer for those who sat behind them.

For the past seven years Mr. Kysor has been occupied with the development of the product of the Acme Motor Truck Company.

* * *

President of the United States Chamber of Commerce Thinks in Terms of Wheat

WHEN as a long, lanky lad Julius Howland Barnes climbed the precipitous hills of Duluth, Minnesota, and attended the school looking out upon Lake Superior and the vessels carrying their cargoes of wheat, he was already dreaming of his future career. Now if there is any man who knows the story of wheat from the fields to the farthestmost export point, it is the same Julius Howland Barnes.

He was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1873. His parents moved to Duluth while he was still at an early age, and his career began in the Zenith city. He later attended school in Washington, D. C., and



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JULIUS H. BARNES was made president of the United States Food Administration Grain Corporation when war was declared because he knows the whole story of wheat from the fields to the farthest export point. Later he was appointed United States Wheat Director

there got in touch with men and affairs, gaining a national viewpoint.

In 1886 he took a position with Ward Ames, Sr. He was married to Harriet Carey of Duluth in 1896.

His rise to a position of eminence was rapid because of his unusual executive genius. Barnes-Ames Company was prominent among wheat exporters. He was also president of the McDougall-Duluth Shipbuilding Company and the Klearflax Linen Rug Company.

When war was declared he was the logical man for president of the United States Food Administration Grain Corporation. Later he was appointed United States Wheat Director, serving until July, 1920.

It was in his work overseas that Mr. Barnes won international distinction. He seemed to know just where and how to make a distribution of grain to serve the best interests of the largest number of people.

He was decorated Commander Order of the Crown, by Albert, King of Belgians, and made Officer Legion d'Honneur of France, Commander Order of the Crown of Italy, Commander of the Order White Rose of Finland, Order Civil Merite of Bulgaria, and the gold medal of Poland.

Few men of his years have known greater distinction before they have reached the fourth decade of their lives, but Julius Howland Barnes moves fast and decides quickly.

He is now president of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

He has received the degree of A. M. from Harvard and Dartmouth. He is greatly interested in amateur rowing.

Alive and alert to all things that concern business affairs of the nation, Julius H.

Barnes has sent a letter to the heads of the various industries of the United States, asking their co-operation in confining the purchase of coal as closely to the current needs as safety permits, and suspending the accumulation of the advance stocks of coal until the present emergency pressure is relieved. This applies especially to those holding low price contracts. He urges the unloading of coal cars promptly and doing everything that can be done to distribute the production so as to relieve any situation that may injure industrial activity or produce discomfort in the homes of the people.

Trees, Like Teeth, Develop Cavities Requiring Expert Treatment

AS a child I remember the two evergreen trees planted in the front garden. We named these trees "The Twins," and today one is tall and one is short, and the children now call them Mutt and Jeff. Beside them were two maples and every time there was a birth in the village that year there was a tree planted. We named these maples and watched them as they grew, humanly christened. They seemed so human, so quiet, so patient during the long winter until they came out with tiny buds and leaves that seemed to whisper a song of joy into full fruitage, and the glory of autumn, splendor of scarlet, and then back again to bare branches and twigs. How like the life of an individual is a tree.

This leaf from my own experience inspired a lifelong interest in trees. When you speak of trees you think of John Davey, known as "The Father of Tree Surgery," and his sons carrying on his work.

When the son, M. L. Davey, graduated from high school, he started right in selling his father's book, which was the original tree book. He kept right on selling the

book, and typewriters, and continued in college at Oberlin. During summer vacations he worked with his father in the vicinity of New York, preserving historic trees. In 1907 he became salesman and manager of the Eastern department of his father's business. In 1909 the Davey Tree Expert Company was organized and the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery was established for the scientific training of their own men. Today Davey is known far and wide as "The Tree Man." Young Davey was elected Mayor of Kent in the fall of 1913, and served three terms, in the last of which he was elected to Congress in 1918.

It was during his term in Congress that he made an address on the subject of trees and reforestation, which occasioned national interest in the subject. That speech in Congress on trees and reforestation has been one of the most widely-quoted speeches ever published; in fact it was reproduced in a large part in the 1922 World Almanac.

When Congressman Martin L. Davey speaks on trees you just feel that he is talking about human beings. He shows us how they live, breathe, assimilate food and have a real circulation; that they have the trials and tribulations of humans; and need doctors and dentists in order to prolong life and be happy. They find that they have hidden cancers and decay, which, if caught in time, saves millions of trees.

It is with trees as it is with human beings—"A stitch in time saves nine," and the appreciation of tree lovers all over the country of their work as tree surgeons is an eloquent tribute from lovers of nature.

What would the architect do without the trees; the landscaper without the trees to set off the little church spire or the house on the hill? Letter after letter, relating the appreciation of people telling the story of how their trees were saved, is a Davey inspiration. As in dentistry and surgery, the first thing is a thorough diagnosis, then to clean out the cavities and disinfect them, and then—the remedy. The very limbs spread out their arms when the tree recovers, the leaves seem to have a new life, relieved of the ailment that has been crushing its strength and brought on the twisted gnarls. What a wonderful thing is a tree! As Joyce Kilmer said, "Only God can make a tree," but it is often up to man to save a tree. To think that these trees will live hundreds of years, summers and winters—to know how the glories of sunshine and storm and even the frosts of winter have helped to make a tree—is truly a bit of nature's romance. Unerring in its record of the cycle of years and even centuries, every year brings to the tree its troubles and its joys as to the human race.

No wonder Martin Davey feels that in preserving the trees which God has beautified to provide for the comfort and the homes of man, he is rendering a service to mankind, as well as to the dumb animals seeking the protection of trees from the hot sun, and the children playing in the shade, or the lovers who find their trysting place in the witching shadows of the dear old trees.

When Martin L. Davey was elected to Congress he made a record that is not forgotten by the home folks in the stirring years after the war. He put his district



HERE is a striking example of a noble shade tree saved from decay and destruction by timely treatment along the lines of preservation taught in the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery



FORMER Congressman Martin L. Davey of Ohio is an authority on the preservation of trees. It is felt that his re-election to Congress, for which he is again a candidate, will mean much to the cause of forest conservation and reforestation in the United States

on the map. Now he is a candidate, in 1922, in the 14th district of Ohio, and his services are sought again in Congress. His friends feel that it means much to the cause of conservation and reforestation in the United States. When New England, or California, Minnesota, or Texas, find their trees laid low by disease or storm it is the Daveys who are called. Let Uncle Sam have a few real experts in Congress—so say the enthusiastic friends of Martin L. Davey of Kent, Ohio.

Boston Lawyer Climbs the Pathway of Self-help to Success

THE personal friends of Harry Nathaniel Guterman of Boston insist that while he may enjoy fame as a lawyer, his real distinction lies in the fact that he is President of the Kiwanis Club of Boston. Ever since he has been in the organization he has been pointed out as a typical Kiwanian, and a true follower of the Big Chief.

Harry N. Guterman was born in Boston in 1891. He is the pure product of the public schools; in fact, the grammar school. He never attended school after those days at the Eliot Grammar School in Boston. He began life selling newspapers—and he sold them. He worked in a woolen mill at twelve years of age. He is truly a self-educated lad.

He became associated with Prof. Frank Parsons and just worked for him from office



HARRY N. GUTERMAN, prominent Boston attorney, is well known as a statistical expert and writer on sociological matters. He stands a conspicuous example of the success that attends perseverance and honest endeavor—being self-educated in the true sense of the word

boy to secretary and assistant. He was with him in establishing the bureau of Vocational Education. Before Harry Guterman reached his majority he was secretary of the School for Vocational Counsellors. He was admitted to the practice of law in the State Courts of Massachusetts in February, 1915, and the Supreme Court of the United States in 1918. This fact is interesting because he did not study law at school or university, but in an office, doing his studying while in the very atmosphere of the activities of a legal office.

He was appointed statistical expert on Governor Draper's Cost Commission in 1910. He has a love for figures and statistics and eats them up. Among his clients are many manufacturers whose products run well up in figures. He has been mentioned prominently for an appointment on the Bench. He has written intensely on sociological matters.

As special assistant to the Attorney-General and counsel to the Commission on Necessaries of Life, he did very effective work in profiteering cases. He has a way of overcoming obstacles. During the war he was refused enlistment because of physical disability, but gave his time to war work, serving on the draft board and speaking in all the drives, which won for him a certificate of honor and recognition of his work. He helped to draft, and worked vigorously for the passage of the law curbing the profiteering landlords, trying several important cases in the courts of several states.

No matter where his professional practice may take him, he is always Harry Guterman to his friends, and a Kiwanian always. The simple incidents of his life are an inspiration to those young men wondering whether the

doors of opportunity are still open. Harry Guterman is one of those lads who knows how to turn the doorknob on opportunity.

His greatest joy is in his friends and doing something for them. He is a type of a young lawyer who has just carved his success out of the rugged rocks of obstacles. His early boyhood in caring for his mother, younger brothers, and sisters is characteristic of this Boston Kiwanian.

* * *

Military Activities Have Brought Renown to This Advertising Expert

LONG before the World War Carroll J. Swan was a real soldier. Active in the organization of the National Guards, he was a live spirit in the First Corps Cadets. As a leader of men, Carroll Swan foreshadowed the American Doughboys as a singing army.

In the early days of the Pilgrim Publicity Association and Advertising Conventions, it was Carroll J. Swan who led the chimes and established the habit that now prevails at banquets and dinners these days. In fact, the very beginning of Community singing was initiated by Carroll J. Swan, who with the magic of his waving hands made students and sad and busy business men break forth in song.

When the war broke out he was among the first to go with his company as captain. His war record was just what might have been expected. It was his cheering spirit that inspired his men to valiant deeds under fire. He was soon promoted and became Major Carroll J. Swan. The spirit of song and his service with the 101st Engineers is graphically recorded in the book which he published as a tribute to the Yankee Division. The great thing about Carroll J. Swan is that he is just human—whether in business, hail-fellow-well-met, or in social organizations, he is just the same.

Born in Maine, Carroll Swan came to Boston to make his fortune. He has spent most of his life in advertising development, representing the *Literary Digest* in New England for many years, and is now with the *Independent*, the quality group in color, and leading New England newspapers. Just such men as Carroll Swan typify the spirit of the American Expeditionary Force, and the honors that he has received for military service is but the natural sequence of the splendid civic service which he rendered before the war in gathering men together to sing and play as well as work.

When Major Swan was elected commander of the Greater Boston Chapter of the Military Order of the World War, he was, as usual, at the beginning of something that he was able to build up. There were little over two hundred members at that time, but his energy and genius for leadership soon resulted in a paid-up membership of over a thousand. This is, perhaps, the most representative organization, as practically all the well-known military men are associated with it.

When Major Swan directs activities he directs. He has organized committees and hospital work for wounded veterans, provided entertainment, furnished actual necessities to those in dire need. Altogether, the qualities of his leadership have gathered around him a group of enthusiastic sup-

porters to carry on the various activities. It was Major Swan who was instrumental in bringing Marshal Foch and General Pershing to Boston for the banquet given by the order last April.

He has aroused the regular officers of the army, navy and marine corps to the ideals of support and co-operation, and it is no wonder that General Pershing has given this organization such an unqualified endorsement as being of the greatest value to the war department in helping them carry out the National Defence Act of 1920.

In joining, Major Swan was elected commander of the first department, which corresponds with the first corps area, and he is a member of the general staff of the national order. At the National Convention in



MAJOR CARROLL J. SWAN is a real leader of men. Active in the organization of the National Guards long before the war, and a live spirit in the First Corps Cadets, when the war broke out he was among the first to sail as captain with his company, and was soon promoted to the rank of major

Atlantic City, he was elected Junior Vice-Commander of the National Order, and the entire convention paid a tribute to the wonderful results obtained in Boston under his leadership. It does not require the vision of a prophet to see that he will be the Commander of the National Order. It is such men as Major Swan who are preserving all the best ideals that have come out of the comradeship of the late war.

* * *

Well-known Musician a Champion of American Music for Americans

ONE of the familiar figures on the Chautauqua Circuit all over the country is Clay Smith, the composer. When Clay Smith and his trombone appear, the small

boys feel that a real circus is coming, and when he plays some of his wonderful songs on that trombone, they feel that there is a human voice ringing in the dulcet tones.

Clay Smith is more than a musician. He put on an "original night" at the meeting of the International Chautauqua Association Convention this year that will not be soon forgotten. Each member was given ten minutes in which to recite a poem, read a piece of prose, play or sing a composition, but in all cases it had to be original. It was truly a vocal "Heart Throb" series, and everyone voted Clay Smith's Original Night just like himself—an originality that cannot be equalled.

Clay Smith has done much to bring about an appreciation of American talent, and challenges the fallacy that we must appreciate imported talent first. It is high time, he insists, that the composer should be given the proper credit in announcements whenever his compositions are played or produced. There is a tendency to drop the composer's name as the popularity of the piece increases. Few people ever stop to think of the man who created the melody of a song they love, and yet they would not think of reading a book without knowing the name of the author. Clay Smith is out for blood in his crusade for recognizing the composer and the creative force in music.

* * *

Former Governor Blossoms Forth as Successful Author

IT is a modest little book with a rather pretentious title, "The Law of Divine Concord." Best of all—it is all that it pretends. It was written by former Governor Chase S. Osborn, whose home is at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. It has a charm all its own, for when it comes to the language and interpretation of nature, whether in the Ozarks, which he so vividly pictures in the opening lines of this book, or in Lake Superior or far afield in the Orient, Chase S. Osborn is at home in his descriptions. His rapid flow of language in speaking is reflected in the musi-



HON. CHASE S. OSBORN, former Governor of Michigan and an old newspaper man, proves himself as much a master of words on the printed page as on the forum by the authorship of "The Law of Divine Concord"

cal rhythm of words in writing. He has a vocabulary that always sparkles with words and epigrams—words not altogether new, but old and tried words that seem to come back with a new meaning and significance. One cannot read this little book without feeling that he has had a real tonic for his soul. It is a condensed tableau of more philosophy than is contained in many pretentious volumes of thousands of pages.

Governor Chase S. Osborn is an old newspaper man and a mining man. In the later years of his retirement he has not ceased to print the philosophical and inspiring impressions of an active and useful life, and his public career made a considerable dent in the political history of Michigan.



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LITERALLY a pathway of delight are the trails among the aspen thickets in the Rocky Mountain National Park. The visitor to this park will not soon forget the sight of their white trunks and branches and their luxuriant bright-green foliage. Because of the unusual aspen growths the region is the favored habitat of beavers, who make the tender bark their principal food

Wartime Activities Recorded in Authentic Fashion by Inside Observer

THE time is approaching when we pick up the books printed during the War, and find that they have a renewed interest when read in the reminiscent glow of stirring times. There are few little books of records



Photo by Bachrach

RALPH S. HAYES, as private secretary to Secretary of War Baker during the World War, gathered the material that he has embodied in an unique and distinctive volume that may well serve any student of the history of the great conflict as an invaluable reference book

of the War more essential to the archives of the country than Ralph A. Hayes' "The Experience of the Secretary of War, Newton A. Baker, at the Front."

It is a little volume, but it tells a story not to be found elsewhere, because it is a verified narrative. The foreword, written by former secretary Baker, is a tribute to the work of his private secretary, such as can be found in no other book. It tells the story of the author, who became Mr. Baker's private secretary at twenty-three, fresh from college and looking upon the world with wide-open, wondering eyes.

Ralph Hayes was with Secretary Baker during all the trying and crucial moments of the War, and it reminded Mr. Baker of the days when he went to Washington as private secretary to William A. Wilson, then Postmaster-General, where he had his first glimpse of the life of a member of the President's cabinet—little dreaming that he would one time occupy that position.

Mr. Baker insists that the private secretary has the makings of the premier later, and that it is loyalty and devotion that counts, for a private secretary must respect his superior in order to serve him well, and a private secretary either makes or breaks his chief. He insists (Continued on page 245)

*"The life of the husbandman—a life fed by the bounty of Earth
and sweetened by the airs of Heaven"*

The Farmer Rules a Kingdom of his Own

Down through the ages, since the birth of husbandry marked the emergence of mankind from barbarism, the tiller of the soil has boasted a patent of nobility—for, however imposing are man's achievements in art or industry, it is the Farmer who feeds the world

THE human race began in a garden, which is but another name for a small farm. It has been from the soil that mankind has primarily derived sustenance. The sea contributes bounteously to the maintenance of the race, but it is the grains of the fields and the fruits of the orchard that furnish the basic supplies of the world's food. The sea is but an auxiliary to the solid earth in the matter of feeding the millions that constitute the families of men. Without the farmer, the earth would not supply its peoples with enough food to sustain them.

Agriculture is a word made up from the Latin "ager," a field, and "colo," I till. Without the field to supply the means of growing crops, and the farmer to till the field and cause the crops to grow, the granaries would be empty and the mows unfilled. In almost every clime man has found the earth covered with vegetation, yet this often yields little that he can use. Almost never can man procure his bread except in the sweat of his brow. It was left for man to make over and recreate nature, as he finds it, and turn its potential possibilities to his use. In the most favorable circumstances, a given area of territory cannot maintain many human beings, so long as they depend upon the natural vegetation or upon the flesh of animals that derive their sustenance from the products of the uncultivated soil. In the history of the world it has ever been that only after the cultivation of those plants which yield man an abundant supply of food are selected and made the object of cultivation, that populations have become dense and civilization has advanced. It is the tillers of the soil who make a nation great. But that its sons plow the fields, its ships would not be able triumphantly to plow the seas.

Napoleon said: "An army marches on its stomach." And he might have added that it does not march long or far on an empty stomach. It is the man behind the plow who finally makes the man behind the gun worth while. It is bread and not bullets that is the world's greatest source of power. They tell us that children at school do not learn their lessons well unless they have partaken of an adequate breakfast. Some one has said:

"It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain."

And some one else had added:

"But heart and brain, both, soon would quit
Should the stomach cease to do its bit."

Food is the first, primal, elemental requirement for the survival of mankind. Eating is one of the chief occupations, even though it need not be one of the chief aims

By NIXON WATERMAN

of life. A well-fed nation is one that will have power and efficiency in the work of progressing the world's work. It has been observed that "eating is a very expensive though a very necessary habit." The sum total of the cost of the food which the people of the world consume every day is something prodigious. We learn to do by doing. Hunger compels us to do, and it is the doing of things that sharpens our wits and makes us capable of doing more things. While it may sound all right theoretically, there is something basically wrong about the whimsical notion that we could get on better

IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TO EAT

Life would be an easy matter

If we didn't have to eat.

If we never had to utter,

"Won't you pass the bread and butter—

Likewise push along that platter

Full of meat?"

Yes, if food were obsolete

Life would be a jolly treat,

If we didn't, shine or shower,

Old or young, 'bout every hour,

Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat;

'Twould be jolly if we didn't have to eat.

We could save a lot of money,

If we didn't have to eat.

Could we cease our busy buying,

Baking, broiling, brewing, frying,

Life would then be oh, so sunny

And complete;

And we wouldn't fear to greet

Every grocer in the street

If we didn't—man and woman,

Every hungry, helpless human,

Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat,—

We'd save money if we didn't have to eat.

All our worry would be over

If we didn't have to eat.

Would the butcher, baker, grocer,

Get our hard-earned dollars? No, sir!

We would then be right in clover

Cool and sweet.

Want and hunger we could cheat,

And our bills we'd promptly meet

If we didn't—poor or wealthy,

Halt or nimble, sick or healthy,

Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat,

We could get there if we didn't have to eat.

Man cannot live by bread alone. Eating is only a means to an end. We do not live to eat; we eat to live, that we may enjoy the beauty of created things and the good-fellowship of mankind. A farm "home" means more than a place in which to exist. It should mean a place where life can be lived at its best amid the nature charms of fields and flowers, peace and plenty. A farmer who possesses no "sentiment" regarding the beauty that is all about him, misses a very important part of the joy that should be his. When John Howard Payne wrote his "Home, Sweet Home," he did not

have a city apartment house so-called "home" in mind. It was a country place, a farm home that he visualized.

"The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than
all."

Unless the farmer senses in some degree the wondrous beauty of the lilies of the field he fails to appreciate the great privileges that are his in being permitted to dwell in intimate touch with the great, warm heart of Nature. Any country-bred boy who has grown up amid the proper farm home environment will never cease to cherish his childhood surroundings. Business, that inexorable master of so many of us, may doom him to imprisonment in the wall-bound city, but he will find his relaxation in visits to the country, and if fate is kind to him and fortune favors, he will sometime possess the old farm home and (Continued on page 228)



THE "wee hoose 'mang th' shelt'ring trees" overlooking the shadowed lily pond that forms one of the dreamy beauty spots on the farm where Nixon Waterman invites his soul to poetic rapture, and "finds tongues in trees, books in the murmuring brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." Here, enjoying

"An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!"

he writes those inimitably intimate, human, homely and touching bits of verse that make articulate our own dumb groping for soul expression

In the days of Warren G. Harding, the printer-President, printers regain the spirit of Ben Franklin, the printer-statesman

You Cannot Buck Teamwork

The letter "i" looks better in "service" than when it stands alone. Printers hold the line while the back field plunges

A VISITOR was being shown through the violent ward of an insane asylum. "You don't handle all these wild ones by yourself, surely," he expostulated to the keeper.

"Sure, I can take care of any one of them."

"But suppose they get together! They could beat your brains out in half a minute, take your keys and be loose on the country side."

"But they won't. If they knew enough to get together they wouldn't be here—they'd be captains of industry."

The keeper was right, and he is still living. It's an old, old story—this one about co-operation—but it shows the highest type of intelligence and is the outstanding factor in present-day commercial success.

Old Ben Franklin, the patron saint of the American printer and the printer statesman of his time, ran a one-man print shop and never heard of a trade association, yet he was author of those well-known remarks: "We must all hang together or assuredly we will hang separately," and "Unite or die."

Printers were indeed the chosen people at the time of the birth of our nation, but like the Israelites of old, they roamed into the wilderness until a fighting race of Joshuas came on to bring them into their Promised Land.

When I traded an old white horse for a printing press up in North Dakota because I did not know how to farm and decided to be a printer, I was typical of the calibre of the printers of the day. I took up the printing business because I had been a printer's devil—and it was a toss-up between that and the livery stable. That is the way it was with every printer all over the country. He was looked on as a sort of a town character. At school the teacher said: "This is Johnny Jones, only the printer's son." It was the printer who had the hardest time getting credit at the corner grocery store. He was a cross between a freak and a beggar.

This is all the more sad when you consider the place where the printer belongs. Printing is the foundation of civilization, and brought about the awakening after the Dark Ages.

When I printed my first newspaper, called *The Surprise*, it brought the thrill of creation. The glory of Gutenberg comes more or less to every printer. Ben Franklin will ever remain the only hero of our Revolution who did not wear shoulder straps.

When the farmers of America began to build up big estates, when miners were getting together to better extract natural resources, when the giant corporations began to be formed in the latter part of the last



GEORGE A. GALLIVER, President of the American Writing Paper Company. He made the big paper company get off the bench, take off its sweater, put on its kickin' shoes, get in the backfield behind the printers, and listen to the signals. Look at his face and you'll understand why printers are proud to have him in the lineup behind them

century, and when unity was being developed in oil, steel, transportation, machinery, and politics, the poor printer was cynically peeking around the corner to see if perchance his competitor was getting an order to print the calling cards of the newly elected president of the Wednesday Musical Club, or hat in hand was warming the chair outside the fourth assistant purchasing agent's door, hoping to get the County Fair hand bills and praying that his bid was low for the fire sale "brochures."

Just as Joshua developed a militant leadership and brought the Israelites back to the Promised Land, cleaning up on the usurping Philistines, so a bunch of fighters was raised up among the printers to elevate them from the shadows of their wilderness

into the sunshine of clean co-operative business development that marks modern industrial America.

It's true, the printers had had a trade organization, but its chief function was an annual "mistrust" meeting. Each hoped, through it, to get something on his competitors; nobody tried, through it, to help his craft.

Then a bunch of two-fisted fighters decided that their blows would be better used in helping their industry than in endangering it by fighting each other.

With the dawning of the new day has come many changes. Printers now appreciate what co-operative service means. Co-ordination as outlined in the new plan among themselves has eradicated cut-throat competition. Service is the keynote. The lower case "i" in service looks better than the cap "I" as a personal pronoun.

The printers called in "Joe" Borden of Seattle, Washington, who had made a modest fortune as a printer and stationer and retired to enjoy the fruits of his labor on a farm near a lake in the mountains of the state of Washington. Joe accepted it as a call to duty and became the executive secretary of the newly vitalized printers' organization. Under his direction the co-operative plan between the printers and the printers' supply men has been worked out. The association became a real partnership.

Joe has been called the father, mother, brothers, sisters, and all the kin of the printers' organized success. He "snapped the ball" while such militant printers as William Green, Albert Finlay, Ted Donnelly, Bill Eynon, E. F. Eilert, J. Linton Engel and J. C. Acton and a host more stood shoulder to shoulder with him and held the line.

Under him cost finding and cost estimating systems were installed, destructive price competition eliminated, and the competition of fear and ignorance was replaced by that of confidence and service. Under the direction of the chairman of their educational committee, Mr. Henry F. Porter, courses in all the cities are being operated to teach cost finding and cost estimating and salesmanship, as well as printing craftsmanship. The printer indeed became a real business man.

This teamwork was not yet enough to put him across the goal line for the coveted touch-down. The teamwork of printer with printer had developed a line which stood shoulder to shoulder, but a plunging back field was still necessary to keep this line moving ahead.

When I first met George A. Galliver I thought of Bill Hadley, the smashing fullback

on our old football team. Bill Hadley and the quarterback both madly loved Jenny Stone, but in the crucial play, Bill threw himself in front of the tackle, opening up a clear field, and his rival had all the glory of making the winning touch-down. Like Bill, George Galliver submerges everything to his one ideal—teamwork.

This man Galliver was in a unique position to put his idea across. His company, the biggest in the field, is the only one supplying the complete line of printing papers. Besides, paper is by far the biggest single item bought by the printer and in fact is the very basis of the entire graphic arts industry.

Paper is related in some way to nearly every epochal moment of our lives. Births and baptisms are recorded; school books loom upon the horizon of our consciousness; the days of the first stumbling, ill-spelled letters dawn; later the courtship with its tender, tinted love notes; and the nightmares associated with examination papers and the terrors of daily themes. Paper is ever a reminder that we are constantly going

it was life in earnest. Each of Shakespeare's "seven ages of man" finds the use of paper as necessary as raiment.

The genius of the times is Information; and information finds its permanent existence on paper. The World War marked a new epoch in the conservation of paper. A revolution in the use of paper has resulted. A scrap of paper started the "scrapping" of nations, and many nations were thereby "scrapped." The objective of all the bloodshed was to have treaties, written on paper, to insure peace and understanding. The entire circle of human activities is encompassed in the use of paper. The Bible itself, the Magna Charta, the compact on the *Mayflower*, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, all these great human records are bits of paper—glorified with human understanding.

In his book, "Creative Chemistry," Dr. Edwin E. Slossom points out that the utilization of cellulose is the chief cause of the difference between the modern world and the ancient. What is called the invention of printing is essentially the invention of the use of paper. The Romans made type to stamp their coins and lead pipes. If they had had paper on which to print labels the world might have escaped the Dark Ages. The clay tablets of the Babylonians were cumbersome; the wax tablets of the Greeks were perishable; the papyrus of the Egyptians was fragile; parchment was expensive and hand-lettering was slow, so it was not until literature was put on a paper basis that republican institutions became possible.

During the World War the President had decided upon a War Industries Board. He called several men together whose names now are historical to get industry concentrated upon essentials, to cut out waste, and to act—act instantly—toward the winning of the war from the industrial end. At this critical point a paper man learned that paper manufacturing, and following this, printing, was to be curtailed to the vanishing point. He appeared immediately in Washington, obtained the ear of the Executive Committee, and convinced Judge Parker that paper was vital to the nations. This brought about the creation of a paper section, which immediately became famous under the guiding hands of "Ted" Donnelly of Chicago and S. L. Willson of St. Louis. The man who did this, acting alone, was George A. Galliver. This paper man returned home and immediately started work upon his own mills—twenty-six in all—to cut out all non-essentials, simplify its production, reduce its grades to the minimum and standardize the whole in order to be consistent with the war idea.

He thus applied the lessons of war necessities. It involved the welfare of not only the paper trade and the printers, but brought home to the minds of business and industrial managers the essentials of eliminating waste. The idea at first, no larger than a man's hand, grew and grew and grew. Around him George Galliver called a cabinet board of experts, in order to cover every angle of a subject as broad as the commerce of nations.

In these few busy years he has completely enthused paper manufacturers, merchants and printers in a campaign of vital economic

consequences. Some members of the Paper Trade Association, who three or four years ago stood out for distribution on the old wasteful plans of multiplied jobbers' brands, announced over their booths at the recent Graphic Arts Exposition in Boston: "Distributors of mill brand papers." Seven of the largest associations of buyers, all paper consumers, who use practically 95



JOHN J. DEVINY, President of the International Association of printing house craftsmen. This association, free from considerations of labor problems or business management, devotes itself to uplifting the craftsmanship of the print shop. The phenomenal success of the Graphic Arts Expositions which they held in Chicago last year and in Boston this year, shows that they're real men

per cent of all the paper product commercially, have joined in the movement for standardization and simplification of papers. The users of paper are now focusing their attention upon standardization of sizes, which will still further increase consumption to a practical purpose.

Soon after returning from overseas I had a chat with George A. Galliver in reference to his idea. He covered as much ground in twenty minutes as some do in day-long conferences. He knew his subject. There was the flush of a crusader on his cheek as he talked about it. Best of all he convinced others. Now all the large paper manufacturers are shaping their courses toward coincidence.

Early in his career in the paper world Mr. Galliver formed a close friendship with the late Senator Winthrop Murray Crane, whose far-sighted vision and judgment counted for much in business and public affairs. The closeness of that friendship is being carried on with his worthy son and successor, Winthrop Murray Crane, Jr. The name of Crane stands pre-eminent in the making of paper. When others let quality slip to meet fluctuations, the Crane mills stood out firm for standard quality, maintaining secure the reputation that began with the little Crane Paper Mill in the Berkshire Hills early in the century. The paper for government bank notes is made at the Crane mills. Every sheet of this paper is truly representative of the stable value of the currency of the Republic it represents.



JOSEPH A. BORDEN, printer and stationer. Past Executive Secretary of the United Typothetae. He is director of General Service of the American Writing Paper Company. Joe coached the line of printers when they learned their team work. Now he is coaching the back field to support the line

on record—making entries in the Book of Life. Dimly we remember the pages of text books at college, well-thumbed, but contents soon forgotten. The paper that brought joy was the check with father's signature that fluttered out of the envelope, with a short letter of inquiry attached as to where the proceeds of the previous favor had flown so swift and fast.

Then that first job! The glory and thrill of that first payroll envelope or check! Now

The well known firm of S. D. Warren Company some years ago cut out the non-essentials in their lines, fixing upon a product limited to certain kinds of paper, standardizing the quality, and have held firmly to the purpose. The story of modern periodicals can never be told without a reference to the S. D. Warren Company. When Frank A. Munsey, with his magazine dreams, needed assistance to develop his idea, the S. D. Warren Company stood by him. The *Youth's Companion*, which has gone into millions of households in the country, has long been produced on the papers of the S. D. Warren Company. The paper looked forward to every week by thousands of youths in the land was printed on standard paper made according to the standards and ideals that the periodical inspired in young America. Roger A. Smith of the S. D. Warren Paper Company has been one of the pioneers in the standardization of paper.

Credit is due to the Luke brothers of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company, H. J. Chisholm of the Oxford Company, and A. G. Paine, President of the New York and Pennsylvania Company, the largest manufacturers of magazine paper, in limiting their output to necessary grades and bending every effort to producing paper economically, and thus keeping the cost of publications within easy reach of the masses.

Mr. Horace A. Moses, president of the Strathmore Paper Company, is a most public-spirited man in every way. He has stood out for the idea of distinctive quality in his product. He was one of the first to send out sample books, which were like a library edition de luxe for printers, while his "Grammar of Colors" has taken its place as a text book among printers.

The tendency among many large companies in the past was to boost its size and to think little of its responsibilities. With the advent of Mr. Galliver in the paper world, his thought was first of its responsibilities and its possibilities. Because of the size of the American Writing Paper Company, he was able to carry his message to

every user of paper, large and small. The campaign opened with broadside advertisements in the newspapers—a series of full pages portraying the new position of the modern printer, which not only attracted the attention of printers and users of paper, but brought an endorsement from the public at large which encouraged the printers to apply the idea of simplification through teamwork.

Manufacturers and consumers are now fraternizing together, laying the cards upon the table, talking over their difficulties and problems. Meeting each other at close range always tends to create a feeling of confidence. On one occasion more than two hundred and fifty master printers of New York were invited to Holyoke, Massachusetts, as guests of the American Writing Paper Company to visit its paper mills and laboratories. They not only witnessed operations of paper making at first hand, but informed themselves of the product in its processes to the market. This has been done many times over in recent years, and is almost a regular thing nowadays.

The standardization program both in manufacture and distribution demanded by these users, including printers, stationers and lithographers, revolutionized the policy of the American Writing Paper Company. It has had to change its whole business representation, the output of twenty-six mills, in order to carry out the wishes expressed by the printers, even to the extent of changing its entire distribution plans. How many printers realize what a force they have exerted?

Galliver looked around for other ways of carrying the ball forward behind the printers' well-oiled line formation. His eye fell on Joe Borden, who, having done his big work in the printers' organization, was again preparing to retire to his farm by the mountain and lake.

Like Cincinnatus, Borden had returned to the plow, but he went Cincinnatus one better when he responded to the appeal of George A. Galliver.

"I believe the paper manufacturers can co-operate with printers," said Dr. Galliver, who holds an M.D. degree.

"How?" said Joe.

"Up to you, Joe. We want you to direct that co-operation so far as one manufacturer at least is concerned, namely the American Writing Paper Company."

Since then Joe became the director of the company's General Service Department, and he has directed in the right direction. He does not need the salary, but feels that it is for the good of his craft that he must stand by the case and live in the atmosphere of print shops.

Under Borden's direction, the American Writing Paper Company has continued its energetic campaign during the last two years to elevate the standards of the printing industry. An unfortunate attitude of the public from time immemorial has been to consider the printer as a business man to be exploited. It is indicated in the manner which a prospective buyer of printing assumes when he desires a book or a folder or other job. He sends a request to a half dozen or more printers for an estimate.

Since practically no two jobs are ever alike, no standard list of prices can be maintained as a guide, and in attempting to compute the possible cost the printer finds his ingenuity curtailed, his ability restrained. He can make no allowance for the dozen and one unforeseen contingencies which are likely to arise in the actual procedure of the job, not to mention the mistakes of omission and revisions, which often flowers in the "low bid." In almost every case where an estimate has been made and a contract entered into as a result, the printer has suffered a loss. This is one reason, incidentally, why few, if any, printers are included in the country's list of rich men.

In behalf of the printer, who is entitled to earn a fair profit, as is any other man in business, the big paper manufacturing institution has issued full-page advertisements in leading newspapers throughout the country, urging the printing buyer to co-operate



Composite view of the mills of the American Writing Paper Company. These are the physical resources manned by unequalled personnel which Galliver simplified, standardized and then threw into the game behind the printers



ALBERT W. FINLAY, President and Treasurer of the George H. Ellis Co., Boston, past president of the United Typothetae of America, and a member of the Executive Council. A fighter for the printer. Albert was never afraid of anybody and he never needed to be

and work with his printer rather than to have the printer work merely for him.

Among the many recommendations urged in this constructive program the company stressed upon the printing customer the following:

- Do not get twenty competitive bids from printers and give the work to the man with the lowest estimate.
- Select your printer on the basis of service rather than price.
- Employ him as you would a doctor or a lawyer. Give him the facts about your business policies and methods.
- Furnish him with a basis of constructive criticism and suggestions, and then maintain a permanent business relationship with him.
- Be open-minded to your printer's advice.
- Your printer is the one best qualified to select the right paper for the particular job. He is in a position to help you effect real economies, improve quality, bring results.

It is undeniably true that printing is becoming essentially a matter of giving constructive service, and less and less reckless price-bidding, and the modern printer is responding to it.

One of the greatest educational campaigns ever undertaken by any industrial organization to aid another branch of industry is that being undertaken by the American Writing Paper Company to benefit the printers of the country. The undertaking is comprised in a series of manuals on printing salesmanship, published by the American Writing Paper Company and distributed by the local branches of the United Typothetae of America. Their production has cost the company a fortune, but it is an investment that means millions to the printing trade.

Printed salesmanship stores need more business. Their plants are over-equipped. Paper manufacturers, as well as manufacturers of other forms of printers' supplies, want more business, but they can get it only as the printer prospers.

Robert Ruxton, a pre-eminent authority, was secured by Mr. Galliver to write three series of books to be distributed to the printers and their customers. This series shows the printer what his business needs.

It teaches him how to produce effective advertising. The third set of books is mailed to the buyers of printing. About five million of these last books are being mailed to the consumers, and nearly one million are being furnished to printers, all of which are free of charge. From coast to coast the printers are organizing into classes so that they may become, instead of order takers, real salesmen of printed salesmanship.

The primary aim and object is the betterment and stimulation of business for printers—as a preliminary announcement put it, "to make the small printing business grow larger and to develop the knowledge of the printer." These manuals, highly educational in spirit and concept, show him the way to just such achievement and demonstrate how he can accomplish it with the tools and facilities in his hands.

The books give him a thorough course in printing salesmanship, disclosing to the printer a hundred and one constructive suggestions to aid in building his own business and in helping his customers to increase their business. Each printer who secures the series pledges himself to study carefully each manual and to put into actual practice the business precepts which he finds in it.

* * *

Galliver has been in the paper business only five years. With his wide experience in other industries, however, he at once saw that if printers were to be enabled to

give their best service to the community and to raise printing salesmanship to its rightful plane, the proper raw materials must be furnished them at the lowest possible cost. This, in printing as in any other commodity, can come only through a complete application of standardization.

On the printers and paper makers George Galliver's idea at once took deep hold and the far-sighted and progressive paper merchants gave active indorsement. At this time Herbert Hoover's "Federated Engineering Societies" formed a committee on elimination of waste in industry. John H. Williams and C. L. Barnam, who is now attached to Galliver's staff, were told to investigate and report on printing and paper, and they consulted Galliver and caught his idea. The movement thus inaugurated reached such proportions that a little later the Bureau of Standards at Washington, D. C., appointed a committee on the simplification of paper sizes. The purpose of this committee was to formulate a minimum set of paper sizes that will be more interchangeable for use by printers, publishers and advertisers. Adopting sizes of paper that can be used more in every class of printing, publishing and advertising work, will result in the saving of an enormous quantity of paper, and paper is the largest material item in printing and publishing. Every special paper size that can be eliminated is a step towards lower costs of manufacturing and distribution and less waste



NORMAN T. A. MUNDER of Baltimore, dean of de luxe printers, always ready to go forward in anything that will help develop the best in his craft. He unselfishly shares the results of his years of study and achievement with fellow printers.

When George Galliver discovered that no paper maker in the United States was able to produce

the most beautiful paper—deckle-edged paper, which was the glory of the golden era of Queen Elizabeth's time, he went abroad and hunted until he found the mill where the finest paper was made, then he went to that mill where it was made and found the best man in the organization and brought him to America. The result is the four-sided deckle-edged paper triumph scheduled *Deckle d'Aigle*, representing the superlative in paper making. The story of this paper is romantic. Queen Elizabeth summoned her jeweller, John Spilman, and commanded that he prepare a note paper suitable to the dignity and refinement of the royal court. Equal to the occasion he brought forth the deckle-edged paper for the irresistible Queen Elizabeth. Sir John Spilman's real name was Spielman, a German name, meaning "play man." As a joke on him they called some of the paper he made "Foolscap," the name of a paper more recently associated with examination papers and legal documents.

When Norman T. A. Munder started in business as a printer boy in the city where Poe lived and Key wrote the "Star Spangled Banner," he put Baltimore on the typographical art map. A mild-mannered, kind, generous man, wrapped up entirely in his work, he is a dynamic force. Called to the American Art Association of New York City to look at a vase and reproduce it in exact colors, a peculiar shade of blue, he carried that shade and color in his mind back to Baltimore. He had nothing to indicate the color of the vase when he left the museum, as the directors would not let the vase out of their hands. He reproduced the color which he carried in his mind. The proof of that color sent back to the Association was critically examined and they sent a telegram: "Absolutely O. K." This indicates his unerring sense of color-values.

The first time I met Mr. Munder, the gentleman who introduced us said: "Here is the best printer in America." Every printer with whom I have spoken has repeated this, and I have thought what a tribute it was to have them say either that he was the best printer or that there was none better. When printers look upon his work they say: "Wonderful! Wonderful! Who printed it?" "Why, Munder, of course." His work does not require an imprint. Ever enthusiastic concerning his art, passing time is forgotten in talking with him and looking over his work.



J. LINTÉN ENGLE, President of the Holmes J. Press, Philadelphia. President of the United Typothetae of America. A student, a gentleman, and a leader

in using, and the crafts are doing good teamwork in an effort to bring about this desideratum.

The reading public does not realize the ramifications of this movement. As long as magazines, periodicals, catalogs and what not are published in all sizes, just so long will it be necessary to build individual machinery units instead of standards to make these sizes. Up to now every single folding machine, every single printing press, was a law unto itself.

The lesson is also being learned by manufacturers in other lines. System Magazine has been energetically championing it, and prevailed upon Mr. Galliver to write several articles upon the subject. The success of this idea on the whole, for printers as well as for manufacturers in general, spells the difference between profit and loss.

The committee at Washington has had frequent meetings, and the program is now ready to go into effect, adopting sizes of paper that can be used generally in every class of printing, publishing and advertising work. While a tremendous saving is made in the cost of paper an even greater saving is made in the construction of standard size printing machinery equipment, the greatest saving of all is made in the tens of thousands of print shops throughout America.

The standardization of grades—fixing the quality-standards of each grade within a class—is, however, the basic achievement. With the multiplicity of styles and sizes of paper, which included two thousand varieties of bond papers alone, consumers could not buy with assurance. There was a confusion that bewildered—the name did not

mean anything. Fixed quality of paper had been indicated by the Crane Company, the Old Hampshire Bond of the Carew Manufacturing Company, Coupon Bond of Eagle-A fame, and there were a few other isolated instances. These names at once designated a quality. But otherwise paper names have meant little because qualities were constantly varying and the multiplicity of brands led to endless trouble in meeting the exact demands of consumers.

The American Writing Paper Company led off by reducing its complete list of papers and sizes to a minimum, which covers every real need and still leaves an actual difference between grades. Each paper was made to represent a definite grade. As one result of this standardization, the company reports that it is now able to give better service in deliveries and meet the necessary demand at a greatly lowered cost of production and investment. The complete significance of this is realized only when we remember that this big company makes papers for every printing requirement, bonds, ledgers, writing books, offsets, covers, wedding and papeterie, bristols, etc. Thus Galliver at one stroke put into the field a complete grade standardization and translated the dreams of printers and users into an achievement. He had the nerve to risk his company's business on the advice of the printers and let his competitors watch his experiment before taking any chances.

The next step to be taken by the government committee will undoubtedly be the demand for general recognition of grade standards and the fixing of grades through the entire industry. This, however, due to the success already achieved by Galliver's company, is no bigger job than already has been accomplished in the standardization of sizes.

When the reader hangs his beautiful Maxfield Parrish calendar, or the picture of the old Scotchman from Forbes Lithographing Company, when he buys his Sunday paper and looks at the supplement, he may not realize the co-operation involved in obtaining these results between paper maker and printer.

At the United Typothetae Convention, to be held in Cleveland, October, 1922, the story of standardization will appear in full bloom amid the fellowship of printers, and will flower in more business for the golden year of 1923. The big users of paper, the national advertisers and the purchasing agents are looking to the printers for leadership—and they'll not fail.

Three cardinal features emphasized in Mr. Galliver's campaign are giving printers information as to how to use their papers, on which an immense amount of time and money have been expended. The table of contents of the most unique and serviceable book ever issued on the using of paper, alone tells the story.

1st. A handbook of four hundred pages which gives the printer in tabular form all the information about how to go about it to find just the right paper for any job, and what he can do with each paper. It tells him how to use paper just right and for what he should use it. This manufacturer assumes the full responsibility for his goods.

2nd. A concise charted analysis showing the kind and grade of paper to use for broadsides, catalogs, letterheads, office and factory forms, etc.

3rd. An enumerating of all standard books, catalogs, and printed piece sizes; standard sheet

sizes from which to cut without waste; and the number of cuts out of the sheet for various signatures.

In addition to numerous other valuable features, this Handbook of Quality-Standard Papers includes a section devoted to all paper trade customs; a section on how to determine the correct style and size of envelope for each kind of printed piece; an index on the Typothetae course of Printed Salesmanship, a complete glossary of paper terms and an illustrated chapter on modern paper-making methods.

This "Handbook of Quality Standard Papers" already referred to, together with three thick sample books 6"x9³/₄" in size, in a compact case, issued by the American Writing Paper Company, fits snugly in the corner of the printer's (Continued on page 246)



WILLIAM H. GREEN, President of William Green, Incorporated, New York City, one of the largest printing plants in the United States, owner and publisher of Judge. Former president of the United Typothetae of America, member of the National Industrial Conference Board. He stands out eminently among the printers of America in operating a large print shop under modern practical business methods. A "hard-boiled egg" in business, artistic to his finger tips at home. He earned his enviable position by hard work in the early morning and the late night.

From the start he has been the driving force, first behind the idea of simplification in the manufacture and distribution of paper and the elimination of bunkum methods, and now behind the practical achievement of these ends. He is always ready to sacrifice both his time and the advantages which the enormity of his business gives him over his competitors, for the uplifting of the printing fraternity.

Among the New York City employing printers, a special corporation has been formed to forward the printer salesmanship course of the Typothetae, furnished by the American Writing Paper Company. William Green heads this. A clean fighter, a keen competitor, a never-forgetting friend, he exemplifies the highest type of printer business man.

The Farmer Rules a Kingdom of his Own

Continued from page 222

spend his declining years in gentle comfort amid its manifold charms which all his busy life long have crowded and refreshed him with

MEMORIES

If you've ever been a rover
Through the fields of fragrant clover,
Where life is all a simple round of bliss,
When at eve the sun is sinking
And the stars are faintly blinking,
You can call to mind a picture such as this:
Hark! the cows are homeward roaming
Through the pasture's dewy gloaming,
I can hear them gently lowing through the dells,
While from out the bosky dingle
Comes the softly tangled jingle
And the oft-repeated echo of the bells.

Strange how Memory will fling her
Arms about some scenes we bring her
And the fleeting years but make them fonder grow;
Though I wander far and sadly
From that dear old home, how gladly
I recall the cherished scenes of long ago.
Hark! the cows are homeward roaming
Through the pasture's dewy gloaming,
I can hear them gently lowing through the dells,
While from out the bosky dingle
Comes the softly tangled jingle
And the oft-repeated echo of the bells.

But along with this love of the fields and sky, tree and vine, fruit and flower, there must be a practical sense of the business in hand. A farmer cannot dream and drift into success. Because he is not a slave to the clock as is the city toiler who must reach his shop or store or office on the minute and devote so many hours regularly to his work, he must not grow slack in his task of making the farm "pay." There is nothing that succeeds like success. The happy farmer is the successful farmer, and the successful farmer is one who so used his head and hands that he enables the willing soil to produce a plenty and to spare of grains and fruits and helpful creatures to fill his home with peace and plenty and to give it an atmosphere suggestive of

"Those finer arts that humanize mankind,
Softens the rude, and calm the boisterous mind."



NIXON WATERMAN, poet, philosopher, optimist and farmer, whose poetic fancy invests the most prosaic details of farming with a roseate glow; whose cheerful philosophy enables him to view with equanimity the ravages of 'tater bugs, corn borers and cut worms and the devastation wrought by rain, hail, drought and frost; and whose optimism leads him to hope for bumper crops next season. The photographer caught him while eating an apple from his own orchard in calm contemplation of the beauties of nature on his farm

He must combine sense with sentiment, heart with brain, beauty with business. He is employed in the midst of a wondrous art gallery of field and sky. How sad if he shall not refresh himself by looking at the pictures. He must make it pay! He must turn sun and shower and soil into crops that

will help to feed and sustain the world. It is a glorious privilege to be able to live the free life of the farm. But it must be a successful as well as an independent life. It must be free financially of debt and distress. The farm home, more than all others, ought to be a happy home. There should be potatoes as well as roses; fields of corn and wheat as well as banks of violets and daisies. The practical dweller in the country must be something more than

THE SENTIMENTAL FARMER

Mine be a few wild acres where,
In her own way, kind Nature grows
Some vagrant berries good and fair,
A daisy and a sweet wild rose:
And mid the blossoms dashed with dew
I'll want a bumblebee or two.

Within my farm must nest a quail
That, summertime, at morn and night,
I'll have to perch upon a rail
And fling to me his blithe "Bob White!"
And hidden in my woods, a rill,
An echo, and a whippoorwill.

Before my cabin door I'll want
To hear a glad song-sparrow's note,
And the woodthrush's mellow chant
That from a brushy dell shall float;
And, somewhere, hiding in the rocks,
Must dwell a woodchuck and a fox.

I'll want a squirrel in a tree,
His glad society to lend;
And o'er my stone wall I must see
The fair barberry bushes bend.
With all these products rare and sweet
I shall not care for corn and wheat.

But it is not the farming which these lines set forth that fills the bins and the mows and the family larder. In reading the poet's notion regarding what constitutes an ideal farm, the practical agriculturist would doubtless feel moved to add:

Here's to your "Rainbow Farm," O Poet!
May fate with trouble never sow it;
But still your humble servant axes:
"How'll you pay your rent and taxes?"



CCROSSING the open range in Wyoming on the Lincoln Highway—the "long, long trail" that leads across the American Continent, linking the East and West with the longest continuous highway in the world. Away back in 1913 a few men of vision and public spirit, conceiving the idea of "a continuous connecting improved highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific," organized the Lincoln Highway Association as a means for advancement along the lines of co-operative road construction. Now that automobile touring has become the favorite summer sport of the American public, thousands of autoists each season traverse this great national highway

Guarding the outposts of constitutional government

Mustering Sentinels of the Republic!

On the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Samuel Adams occurred the roll call of those who admire his ideals of patriotism. In every city, town, and hamlet citizens are organizing to preserve the liberties of individual and state

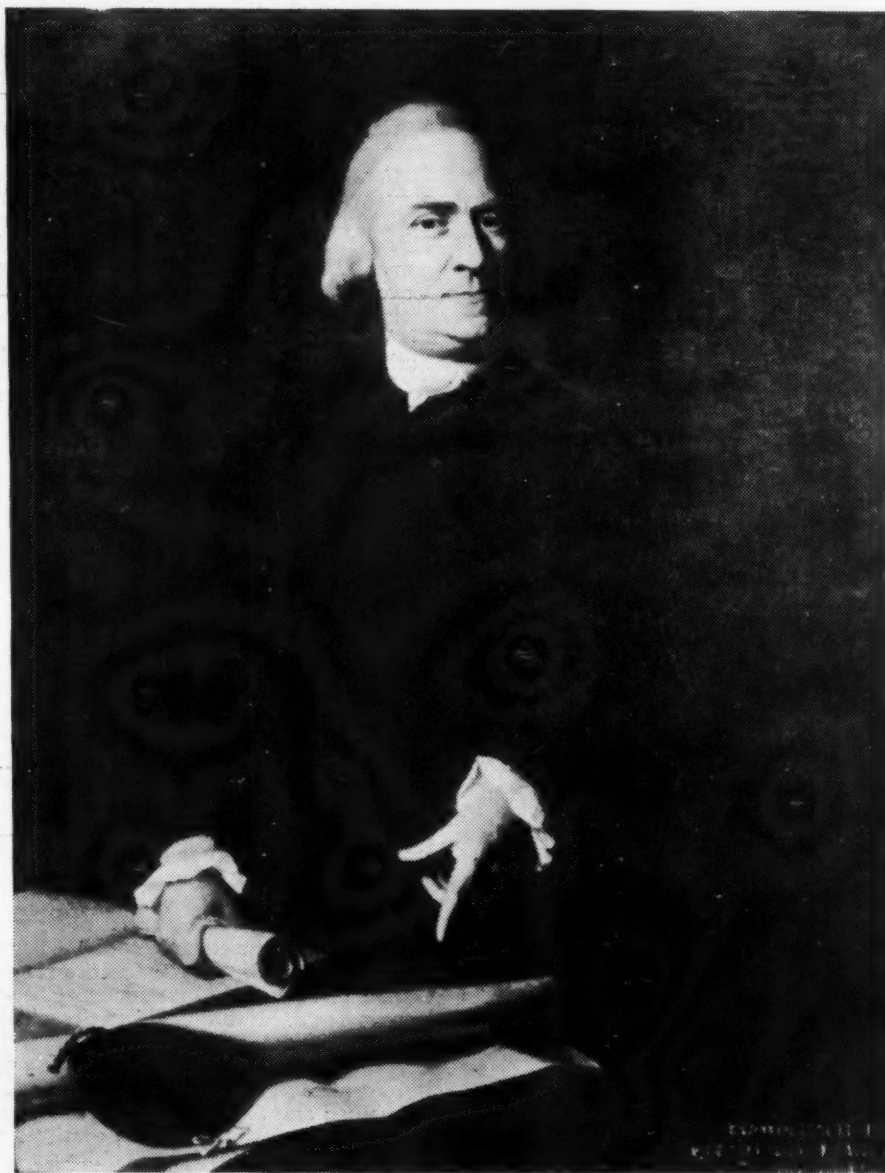
IF there's one subject upon which the average American seems to be ignorant more than any other, it is the Constitution of the United States. While it is the birthright of every citizen, man or woman, boy or girl, the public has never given itself much concern regarding the fundamental principles which underlie the rights and privileges of an American. By reason of this indifference an appalling number of dangerous measures have been enacted by Congress in the past twenty years, and perilous changes have been made in the framework of the Constitution itself.

A large number of organizations have had to do with the study of the Constitution. Some of them have done efficient and valiant work in keeping the "Old Ship of State" safe within the moorings as planned by the fathers after the travail in the birth of our republic. Among these organizations have been the National Association for Constitutional Government, the American Constitutional League, the Public Interest League, The League for the Preservation of American Independence, the Constitutional Liberty League, the Anti-Centralization Club, and others having in mind the same objective.

Men and women, interested in one or another of these organizations, came together recently and decided that the times called now insistently for effective and harmonious co-operation among these various organizations. They determined to set up a clearing house for patriots. And thus it is that we now have the "Sentinels of the Republic," with its stirring cry, "Every citizen a Sentinel! Every home a sentry box!" The incorporators include Louis A. Coolidge, Maurice S. Sherman, Boyd B. Jones, Katherine T. Balch, James Jackson, Herbert Parker, Charles S. Rackemann, Frank F. Dresser and Henry F. Hurlburt.

Louis A. Coolidge, of Boston, is the first executive head. In this the organization is especially fortunate. Mr. Coolidge is one of the soundest thinkers in the country. He began life as a newspaper man, and he is familiar with all the highways, byways, and labyrinth of legislative work at the National Capitol. For many years he has specialized in investigation along this line. He has been a leader in business and welfare work. He is, first of all, a practical business man, understanding the public mind through his wide experience in public affairs. He has been treasurer of a large business corporation, but never too busy to give the time and attention necessary to help on any worthy cause in which he is interested.

The organization was most auspiciously launched in Boston at the celebration of the 200th Anniversary of Samuel Adams'



By courtesy of the Boston Herald

Samuel Adams, first Sentinel of the Republic

birth on September 27. It was an eventful day for Boston. The birthplace on Purchase Street, now the center of industrial activities, was visited and at noontime there was a genuinely old-fashioned town meeting at Faneuil Hall. Mr. L. A. Coolidge was moderator.

The fiery spirit of our revolutionary forefather was echoed in the words of his descendant and kinsman, Captain Adams of New York. The galleries were filled with

a throng in hearty accord with the principles enunciated. The walls of old Faneuil Hall never echoes more hearty cheers and lofty sentiments of patriotism. If the radicals, socialists and all the others, get together, why not those who believe in the sane, fundamental government which our forefathers established and which preserves the Constitution and its rights?

All day long the spirit of Samuel Adams and the founders of the republic seemed to

hover over Boston, and the climax was reached in the notable gathering at Symphony Hall in the evening, when representatives from various states—north, south, east and west—brought their contributions to honor the son of the Revolution.

"At the historic old State House, whose shadows look down upon the spot where



LOUIS A. COOLIDGE, first executive head of the Sentinels of the Republic, whose members have as their purpose the maintenance of the fundamental principles of the American Constitution

occurred the Boston Massacre, Senator Lodge paid his tribute to one who was an associate of his ancestors. The spirit of Samuel Adams, militant and aggressive, is what is needed in the eternal vigilance that still remains the price of liberty as in that day.

Mr. L. A. Coolidge, as well as other distinguished and public-spirited citizens over the country, felt that this is the time to look sharp to the rights of states and individuals, and resist steadfastly inroads and invasions upon the rights guaranteed under the Constitution, pronounced by Gladstone, "the greatest instrument of government ever penned by the hand of man."

On October 2, 1803, Samuel Adams peacefully passed away at his home on Winter Street in Boston. The *Independent Chronicle* of October 3, that year, contained the following:

SAMUEL ADAMS

IS DEAD

We have the painful task to announce to the public that on yesterday morning about a quarter past seven, at his home in this town, died, in the eighty-second year of his age, Samuel Adams, late governor of the Commonwealth, the consistent and influential patriot and republican.

His body was laid at rest in the Granary Burying-Ground, but his spirit lives in the crusaders of today who uphold the Constitution and are banded to preserve a free republican form of government in the United States.

The whole operation is so simple that it has met with whirlwind success. Enrollment involves only the signing of one little piece of paper. The purposes are distinctly declared:

To maintain the fundamental principles of the American Constitution.

To oppose further Federal encroachment upon the reserved rights of the States.

To stop the growth of Socialism.

To prevent concentration of power in Washington through the multiplication of administrative bureaus under a perverted interpretation of the General Welfare Clause.

To help preserve a free Republican form of government in the United States.

As announced, there is no initiation fee; no annual dues; no secret oaths or pledges. Applications for enrollment blanks are being sent in by the thousand from every state in the Union. The organization especially appeals to the young men and women who have begun to understand what the Constitution means.

Many eminent men heretofore have been engaged in the work. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Solicitor General J. M. Beck, Secretary Weeks, Mrs. John Balch, David Jayne Hill, William E. Borah, Everett P. Wheeler, Edward S. Stokes, Mary G. Kilbreth, James W. Wadsworth, Alice Robertson, Governor Miller of New York, Governor Holcomb of Connecticut, Governor Clement of Vermont, Frederick P. Fish, George Sutherland, William L. Marbury, George A. Washington and Frank O. Lowden are among the constantly increasing number.

The Sentinels of the Republic understand the broad views of Chief Justice John Marshall with reference to concentration of power at Washington. Since his death there has been many an assumption about his attitude that would make John Marshall turn in his grave. Marshall and Webster wrought for a strong Federal government, but they were equally insistent upon the maintenance of the reserved rights of states. The Sentinels will crystallize the thought of right-thinking people. Every state, city, village, town and hamlet in the United States will soon have its group of "Sentinels" to resist encroachments upon the liberties guaranteed in the Constitution.

Among others who are interested in advancing this cause, besides those enumerated, are Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire; Frank Knox, editor of the *Manchester Union*; Charles Hopkins Clark, editor of the *Hartford Courant*; Robert Lincoln O'Brien of the *Boston Herald*; Charles F. Brooker, president of the American Brass Company, Ansonia, Connecticut; Charles Hanson Town, Edward G. Riggs, Joseph W. Powell, James O. Lyford.

The organization is a very simple one. It recognizes "no sect, no party, no sex." It is broad and big enough to cover everything that was included in the Constitution.

The Rotary Clubs of many cities are enthusiastic, and the Boy Scouts feel that here is an organization which subscribes to the principles they have been taught in Scout work.

Every boy and girl over eighteen has but to read the Bill of Rights of the Constitution of the United States to understand the necessity of such an organization. It is frankly opposed to the broad interpretation of the powers evoked through use of the so-called "general welfare" clause in the Constitution, and insists upon those rights that were specifically preserved in the state and municipalities.

How many boys and girls attending school have ever read or studied the Constitution? It was pronounced by Gladstone "the greatest document ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." It has even evoked the highest ideals and thought of statesmen. These are times when the Constitution is coming uppermost in the American mind.

It required thirteen long years of struggle before the Constitution was adopted, after the independence of the colonies had been won, and then there were protesting states, jealous of the liberties of the people, which insisted that the Bill of Rights should be incorporated as the first ten amendments before consenting to its ratification.

The first ten amendments to the Constitution were proposed to the legislatures of the several states by the First Congress on the 25th day of September, 1789, and were ratified by the states between that date and December 15th, 1791. There is no evidence on the journals of Congress that the legislatures of Connecticut, Georgia, and Massachusetts ratified them.

These first ten amendments are as interesting reading as the news of the day.

It has been felt that a serious injustice is done the people from the manipulation of too much legislation at Washington. Members of the organization are opposed to the National Maternity and Education Bills, and legislation which abrogates or usurps the inherent rights reserved to the states in the conduct of their internal affairs. One thing that must come through its activities is increased respect for the fundamental law—the Constitution—which is the foundation and basis of all government.

The Sentinels of the Republic may not wear gaudy uniforms, or badges, or be enmeshed in the entanglements of secrecy. They stand out like true sentinels, the flush of crusaders upon their cheeks, their souls aflame with ideals that must prevail if the Republic shall endure.

SENTINELS OF THE REPUBLIC

Will you enroll yourself a Sentinel of the Republic?

Here are our purposes:—

To maintain the fundamental principles of the American Constitution.

To oppose further Federal encroachment upon the reserved rights of the States.

To stop the growth of Socialism.

To prevent concentration of power in Washington through the multiplication of administrative bureaus under a perverted interpretation of the General Welfare Clause.

To help preserve a free republican form of government in the United States.

There is no initiation fee. There are no annual dues. There are no secret oaths or pledges.

SENTINELS OF THE REPUBLIC

510 Kensington Building, Boston, Mass.

I believe in the purposes of the Sentinels of the Republic, and hereby enroll myself a Sentinel.

Signed:

Address:

"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature"

The Soul of the Snowflake

W. A. Bentley, self-taught scientist, has developed the technique of a difficult art until he has become the world's recognized authority on photography of the dewdrop, the frost crystal and the snowflake

By FRED Z. HOLMES

GREEN Mountain boys, hillsides of evergreens making the air pungent with the odor of pine and hemlock in summer, and swirling, driving snow storms that in winter come raging down through the Canadian Lake Champlain trough, are symbolic of Vermont.

The national fight for independence impressed the state with the courage and sternness of a determined people. Nature clothed it with the cool somberness and pervading stillness of verdant mountain sides and valleys with opalescent haze, but it remained for a simple farm boy living on one of the foothills of the Green Mountains, that bisect the slender commonwealth like the backbone of a monster, to unlock for the world the wonders of the winter storm and the starry snowflake. He has been able to photograph the most evanescent of Nature's phenomena. He has found the snowflake to be more intricate and decorative than any design of the jeweler's art.

Along the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, not far from old Fort Ethan Allen, the railroad suddenly takes an uneven, twisting course toward the mountains and Cambridge. Less than twenty miles in the interior the little village of Jericho, a quiet little hamlet of some 1,500 inhabitants, with this high-sounding Biblical name, is announced.

It is winter. Winds have drifted the snow in banks, or it is tossed and whirled in eddies and by gales that come from the Canadian interior, as constant as the Gulf stream currents.

It is not Jericho that is sought. That place is no different from hundreds of other mountain villages that rest somniferously in the foothills. Out in the country is a farmer, who for thirty-six years has sought to capture and picture the beauty of the snowflake. No one else has done it so successfully. He has succeeded where great scientists have failed. Recently his work has been recognized.

Neighbors call him "Snowflake Bentley." The road to his home this day is deep with heaps and long windrows of snow. At the door of the old farmhouse the sound of a piano comes—then ceases. He lives alone. A small, keen-eyed, kindly-faced man, past fifty years, greets us.

There is joy and sorrow limned in his face. Half an hour's talk reveals what he does not tell. Two great loves thread his life, like the main themes in a symphony—love for a mother, who is now dead, and for the ephemeral snowflakes.

"Nobody has ever seen two snowflakes alike," said Mr. Bentley as he stood showing a long row of over thirty-nine hundred snowflake photographs which he had taken during thirty-six years.

While listening to this conversation on the beauties of the snow, memory recalled the lecture of a western university professor in physics, who had secured over two thousand of these slides to show to his classes. It was this inspiring talk which sent me on the trail of the farmer-scientist. While Mr. Bentley was talking, there kept dinging in my ears the lecturer's word:

"When one considers that the snowflakes that Mr. Bentley has spent years in photographing could, if melted, all be contained in a tablespoon of water, and then considers all of the snow that falls in the United States, the oceans, the polar regions, and the whole world, one's thought is brought almost to infinity.

"One winter nearly all the snowflakes had straight lines running through them. The plain hexagonal crystals come from hazy clouds high in the air, many miles up. Low clouds which scutter over the hilltops deposit crystals with almost no centers at all."

For fourteen years Mr. Bentley worked without a word of encouragement—except from a kind mother. One day he wrote an article for a New York paper and submitted some of his photographs. The bundle was promptly returned. It saddened him, but it did not dampen his ardor in taking pictures.

"Then came perhaps the second greatest day of my life," continued Mr. Bentley. "The publication of the first snowflake pictures—a joint article by Professor G. H. Perkins of the University of Vermont and myself. No subsequent article gives one quite the thrill of the first. This

publication caused a lot of talk. Some said the pictures were retouched, but they were not. Then the weather bureau came along and wanted to publish my prints. That was the next step. At last the authorities began to pay attention, and I have received orders from England, Australia, and China and many places in America. Art classes in many colleges now use them for the wonder and selection of designs.

"Snowflakes are like music. Yes, yes, and the more simple of them are to me more fascinating than the lacy and frilly ones. In the designs of the straight formations there is the beauty of complex classical music. They last longer. You don't tire of them as quickly as you do of the more lacy forms.

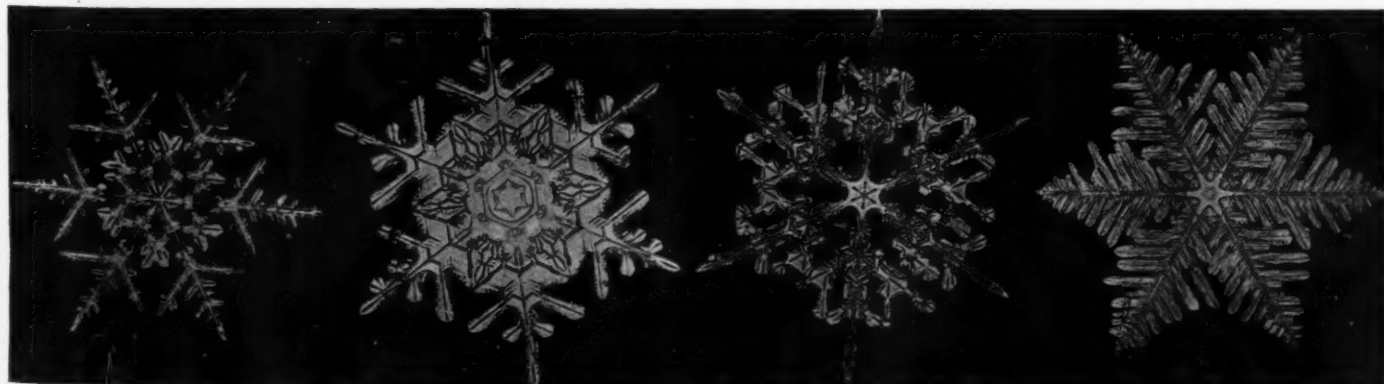
"It is hard to convey an idea of the extreme fascination of the work. Sometimes the snows are extremely rich in beautiful forms and one is in despair as to which to select to photograph. Again, one must search all day long perhaps to find a few perfect ones. Favorable snows come from four to fifteen times during a given winter, falling usually from the western segments of general storms. Every new snowflake placed under the microscope is a possible great find, and almost surely will be new to science, for infinite variety is the rule. Hence it is an inexhaustible study and ever new. Of course, no one has as yet found the few matchless snowflakes that every storm furnishes."

The apparatus with which these pictures are taken costs only \$90. It stands on a plain, hand-made table.

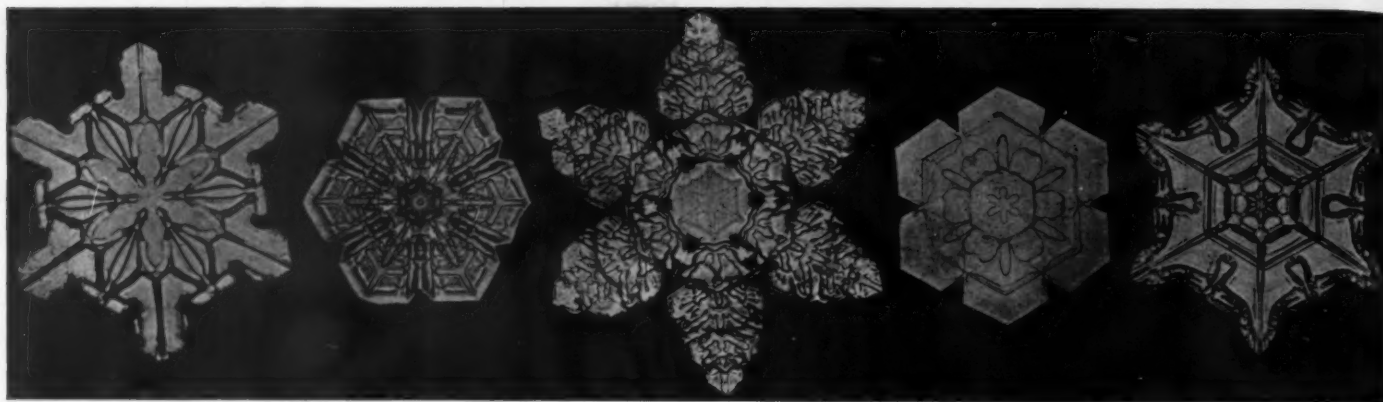
"How do you photograph flakes?" I asked.

Mr. Bentley put on his mittens, hat, and coat. Picking up a small hand-made wooden tray with wires on the ends to keep his hands from touching it, and thus affecting the temperature, with almost incredible haste he caught a flake on the board and rushed back with it.

By means of a small splint of soft wood he picked up the flake by pressing the point of the splint on the edge of the tiny particle. He transferred it to a cold plate of glass in an instant, and thrust a microscope over it. He gazed at it a second, pulled off the pair of mittens and put on another pair which were colder than the first



THE most ephemeral of all Nature's marvelous handiwork, the snowflake, presents an infinite variety of design which, when viewed with the magic eye of the microscope, is absolutely bewildering to the imagination because of its fairylike fragility, its incredible beauty and intricacy of tracing



ONLY the cunning of an expert, trained by years of patient experiment and practice, can capture the fragile snowflake in its flight, subject it to the ordeal of microscope and camera, and preserve upon the gelatine plate an imperishable likeness of the most evanescent of nature's infinite phenomena

pair, which had become slightly warmed in the few seconds necessary for the work.

"I transfer the flake to the glass slide, which is to go under the microscope," he explained. "This is also done with the splint. When the flake is on the slide, with this feather" (he picked up a tiny one not more than four inches long) "I press all the portions of the flake flat on the glass. One has to be very careful not to crush the crystals in the flake. If your hand trembles, you cannot do it.

"When the flake is flat on the plate, I place the slide on the stage of the microscope, which is mounted on the camera stand. I shift it into position, and place a paper behind the slide while withdrawing and re-inserting slide of plate holder, before and after exposure of plate.

"Then I push the camera forward, fitting the lens into the paper collar and by means of cords and weights I get the proper focus. The slide is in vertically, of course, and I usually photograph only one flake at a time. It takes an exposure of from ten to twenty seconds. The enlargement is from 64 to 3,600 times. To get the jet black background necessary to show each flake in all its beauty I tried all sorts of things, and finally found that I could do it only by hand myself."

Mr. Bentley takes the glass plate with the picture of the flake on it, sets it in another of his home-made stands, clamps it tight with small wooden buttons, and proceeds to scrape out the background with a couple of knives. This brings the snowflake out in bold relief in the picture. The finer scraping is done with a very small blade and under a hand microscope.

"It takes anywhere from twenty minutes to four hours each to block out one of the snowflakes on the plate, depending upon the intricacy of the design," said Mr. Bentley. "Then you have the exquisite beauty and you see the flake in all its wondrous and marvelous details."

A fire was smouldering in the hearth of a common kitchen stove. Piled on the piano were sheaves of sheet music and standing against it

was a decorated cross made by piecing together pictures of the most beautiful snowflakes. Paper scraps of snow scenes and winter mountain views decorated the wall—some pinned, some pasted. It was a bachelor's room—not the home of a woman. Then I remembered that at one time Bentley had made his living teaching music in winter and farming in summer.

"How long have you been studying snowflakes?" I asked.

"It seems only yesterday that I began," said Mr. Bentley, with a reminiscent light sparkling in his eyes. "From a boy I was interested. It all comes back so vividly, the first inexpensive microscope earned when a mere lad midway in my teens. That was in 1882. The hundreds of drawings made by its magic aid, the despair that a hard drawing could reproduce so little of the matchless beauty of the snow. Then the growth of the hope that photography might be made to picture their marvelous beauty. The great day when the microscopic camera and microscope came, and were assembled. Then the try-out, and the dark disappointments, due to the many trials and failures that followed, and the persistence to the final triumph—the greatest day of my life when at last persistence, and a great love, triumphed over all difficulties. The likeness of the wondrous crystals, from cloudland were caught and preserved for all."

The face of the speaker now somewhat hardened, showed a trace of sorrow and suffering, a tinge of disappointment, but a jaw set with determination. He is a Vermonter, and round about are all the scenes made historic by the courage and forbearance of Green Mountain boys—Ethan Allen and Seth Warner.

In spite of repeated failures, and a mortgage on the old homestead which had to be paid off, Bentley spent his winters following the fairylike beauty enshrined in the snowflakes like some will-o'-the-wisp. Now he is the world's recognized authority on the dewdrop, the frost crystal, and the snowflake.

"Funds to continue this work were earned by

teaching music and working out," said Mr. Bentley in telling of his trials. "Nothing—hunger, business, pleasure, urgent farm work, could keep my own away from me when snowflakes were falling. Then I was always on duty. From a few up to as many as three hundred pictures have been photographed each winter until now I have over thirty-nine hundred photographs—no two alike.

"This wonderland of the snow soon led me to a love for other kindred water forms—frost, ice, dew, clouds, rain—and the study of them. Hundreds of these pictures have been taken."

"How do these snowflakes all happen to be different?"

"My belief coincides closely with that of Prof. B. W. Snow of the University of Wisconsin, which is that the molecule of water that is crystallized as the center of the flake has a personality that makes the flake form in a certain manner and requires all six arms of the flake to be almost exactly alike. This personality of the heart of the snowflake makes each flake different, just as no two persons are exactly alike. Yet, of course, temperature, winds, crowding, rates of growth, etc., force modifications upon the crystals."

As we left the home, low clouds were scuttling the horizon. Soon the snow would be falling. It was still mid-day. I gazed at the lattice work on the porch and saw it had been fashioned into wooden snowflakes and mammoth ones had been painted in all their exquisite delicacy on the barn doors. Solution of nature's wonders have taken desolation out of this life and brought a message of the grandeur of it all.

"I have tried to make of life one long university course," he explained as I gazed back at his secluded home, and he read my message of pity for his lonely consolation. "My service is for others; to do all the good I can rather than get rich."

Just then white flakes of snow fluttered in the air and he turned to his door. He would soon be "on duty" again.



The poor boy's chance still prevails

The Days of Romance Still With Us

The career of Lieut.-Gov. Alvan T. Fuller reveals that the laws of achievement continue as in the early days—pluck and persistence win fortune's smile in business and in public service

THE biographies of successful men usually begin with the story of a boy who accomplished things and early developed the power of decision. Alvan Tufts Fuller was born in Boston, February 27, 1878. He is a Yankee product through and through, son of a Civil War veteran and newspaperman, a direct descendant of the Pilgrim Fullers, and a product of our public schools. His life story could be correctly entitled "A Romance of American Industry and Enterprise." At the age of seventeen, with a common school education, and one year in a Boston business college, he was working for \$7.50 per week in the shipping department of a rubber shoe factory. From this humble beginning he rose until at the age of forty-four he is one of the most, if not the most successful automobile dealer in America; and turns his attention to politics with the same apparent success he had in business.

While working in the rubber shoe factory, he opened a bicycle shop in his mother's barn, where he spent his evenings, repairing and selling bicycles. His business grew apace, and when he was eighteen years old, at a time when other boys were en route to college, Alvan Fuller decided to start a venture of his own. He had saved up enough money to build a little store in his home city of Malden.

He left the factory and gave all his time to the bicycle business, and like everything he has ever tackled, the store proved a success, and two years later he entered the mercantile life of the big city and opened a bicycle store on Columbus Avenue, Boston. This was at the time when the bicycle business was enjoying its big day and the automobile industry was in swaddling clothes. The very few cars in this country were made in Europe, and were looked upon by the mass as playthings for the wealthy.

Mr. Fuller is a man of vision, and he saw great possibilities in the automobile. He was making money in the bicycle business and saved enough cash meanwhile so that in 1899 he had the means to visit Europe and investigate the "horseless carriage" industry.

He brought back two motor cars on the return trip. They were the first automobiles to enter the port of Boston. Mr. Fuller had little difficulty in disposing of these two cars, and this success prompted him to enter the automobile business. It was not easy sledding at first, as American small cars were not a commercial success. When the Packard car came along in 1903, Mr. Fuller borrowed \$5,000 and went to Detroit to secure an agency. He came back with options on both the Packard and the Ford agencies. A striking scene is presented to the imagination that can picture him tilted back in his swivel desk chair balancing an imaginary Packard and a Ford car on either hand and debating the inherent money-making possibilities that lay between the two extremes. He chose the Packard agency, and the staid, conservative directors of the Malden bank, unable to conceive of sane people paying four or five thousand dollars for an automobile, crossed him off their list of borrowers as impractical. Time has abundantly justified the soundness of his judgment. As his sales business developed, it became necessary for him to plan for a repair shop.

Instead of following the practice of having a salesroom in the downtown district and a repair shop on a back street, he decided to combine all his facilities, and by going out on one of Boston's main arteries, Commonwealth Avenue, he combined a real estate venture with his business needs. He felt that as long as he stuck to a main artery that business would come out to him.

Friends advised against this venture. He was convinced, however, that Boston must develop out in that direction, and he was certain that the use of motor cars would increase beyond the dreams of even the most enthusiastic automobile men. At that time there was not a single store of any sort on Commonwealth Avenue between Fuller's new plant and Massachusetts Avenue, a distance of two miles. Here Mr. Fuller erected a building of about 125,000 square feet. It was known at that time as "Fuller's Folly," but today the automobile industry of New England is centered in that vicinity. Since that time Mr. Fuller enlarged his building, and today it is one of the largest and best-equipped servicestations in the world.

On July 12, 1910, Mr. Fuller was married to Viola Davenport, a singer in grand opera. Although she declared that she was wedded to her art, Alvan Fuller took the boat and went to Paris where she was singing. They were married there—he was a "go-getter." They have three children—Alvan T., Jr., Lydia and Mary.

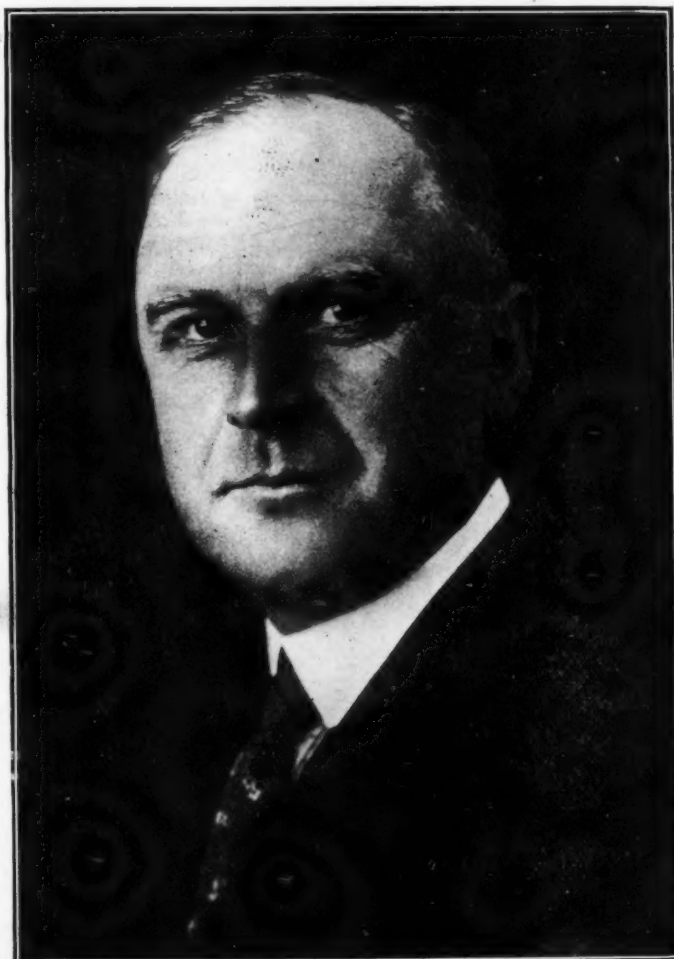
In 1912, when the Progressive movement swept across the country, Mr. Fuller became interested and was prominent in the campaigns of 1912 and 1913. He was so closely identified with the movement at that time that the Progressive nomination for Governor was offered to him, but he declined it—as he has declined other nominations which he might have had.

In 1914 he accepted the Progressive nomination for the Massachusetts House of Representatives and was elected. He was the only dyed-in-the-wool Progressive in the Massachusetts

House of 1915. At the end of the term he turned his salary and mileage check over to his city to be used for playgrounds.

In 1915 he was a Roosevelt delegate to the National Republican Convention at Chicago. In 1917 he was a candidate for Congress as an Independent in the ninth Massachusetts District. Congressman Roberts had represented the district for eighteen years, and had received both the Republican and Democratic nominations when Mr. Fuller decided to run as an Independent. Roberts had voted against Prohibition and Woman Suffrage, and for the Adamson amendment of pacifism. Fuller felt that the district had been misrepresented, entered the race at the last moment, and was elected. In 1919 he was re-elected without opposition.

Continued on page 238



HON. ALVAN T. FULLER, Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, and pioneer in the automobile industry, is a business man and politician of a highly original turn of mind. As a politician, peculiarly enough, he believes that the chief consideration of an administrator should be the best interests of his constituents rather than his own aggrandizement or glorification. As a business man, through his own unaided efforts, he has attained a most unusual and outstanding success

An immense industry linked with our traditions

You Can't Beat *the* Cranberry's "Family Tree"!

They were here before the Pilgrims, they graced the turkey at the first Thanksgiving dinner, and Cape Cod housewives have since found that they make a thousand delectable dishes

IF someone were to whisper in your ear —that they knew a drink that satisfied the Volstead Act, yet made you forget all about the hardships of prohibition; —that they had tasted of fruit salads far more delicious than any of the ordinary kind;

—that steamed pudding could be made so good that you simply couldn't stop eating it;

—that using a new flavor with tapioca resulted in a new food creation fit for the gods;

—you'd probably be mighty interested and mighty puzzled.

burdened with delicious red berries. They were probably a welcome sight to the Pilgrims, for there weren't many things in this new, strange country like what they had left in Europe. Cranberries, known in the Old World, were given a cordial recognition. And when the first Thanksgiving rolled around, and our fathers caught a wild turkey and prepared him for the feast, they didn't forget to garnish it with delicious cranberry sauce. Every American family has done the same to this day.

Down on the Cape it was soon discovered that by cultivating cranberries the yield could be increased from a few basketfuls on a big bog to several hundred barrels on a fraction of the territory. Cape Cod folks have learned, too, that there are many, many uses for cranberries besides the traditional one of sauce for the turkey. A New England boiled dinner, or pork chop, on the Cape are not quite complete without cranberry sauce. Besides there are puddings, delicious drinks, and toothsome salads innumerable.

No story about Cape Cod and the Pilgrim land would be complete without a chapter

—and a big chapter—about Cape Cod cranberries.

Here is the center of the cranberry industry, not of New England, not of the nation, but of the entire world.

The little town of Carver grows more of this luscious food than any spot on the earth. West Wareham is the world's largest shipping point, and from here 38,521 barrels of cranberries were last season started on their journey to multitudinous villages, towns, and cities throughout the country. This year the crop is even larger.

The annual crop runs heavily into seven figures in value, and in 1921 the total was some three and one-third million dollars.

Three hundred and thirty-five cranberry growers are banded in the Cape Cod Cranberry Growers' Association for the purpose of properly raising and marketing this immense product. Curiously enough, the bulk of the cranberries go to the West. New Englanders may eat Seattle apples, but as for cranberries, the demand comes from as far off as California.

The cranberry requires special care during its growing period. The ordinary farmer



JAMES T. HENNESSY, who owns cranberry bogs in four Cape Cod towns and is president of the Cape Cod Cranberry Growers' Association. All the figures concerning this immense industry are at his finger tips

But if someone should ask you what kind of sauce was necessary before the Thanksgiving turkey could be a complete success, you wouldn't be puzzled at all.

When the Pilgrims were wandering around on Cape Cod three centuries ago, making little trips of exploration, and making friends with the Indians, they often came upon bogs and a low land overrun by thick vines,



Blad Photo, Wareham, Mass.

A "CLOSEUP" of a cranberry picker combing the vines for berries with a typical wooden scoop. The Cape Cod cranberry boys at harvest time, when the unique processes of the industry are in full play, are one of the most fascinating exhibits of which the historic Pilgrimland boasts



ONE of the best pictures of a cranberry bog ever taken. Here are shown the workers busily harvesting the crop which finds its way to every table during the holiday season. Three hundred and thirty-five growers on the Cape are banded in the Cape Cod Cranberry Growers' Association

does not face the problem of flooding and the danger of peculiar insect pests which must be eradicated. In the cultivation of cranberries the vines are grown on a very low piece of ground, even below the level of water. Each time there is probability of frost, the dams are opened and the bog flooded. When the danger is over, the water is drained off into a lower plot, and rapid growth resumes. In this section, where there are nine to ten thousand acres of bogs, constant study must be made to lessen the hazards to the grower. On the correct prediction of a single frost a million dollars may hang!

It was thirty-five years ago that the cranberry growers got together and formed an association for their mutual interests. Practically all the important growers today are members. The organization works in harmony with the Massachusetts Agricultural Commission, and State Experimental Station at Amherst. It has done a lot of good in securing the enactment of a law standardizing the size of packages in which cranberries may be packed and shipped. There used to be a federal barrel law which regulated the length of the stave, the distance between the barrel heads, the outside and inside measurement. But a good barrel for apples is not necessarily a good barrel for cranberries—very much the other way the growers found. Cranberries shipped in a big apple barrel were so large in bulk that the fruit was crushed during shipment, or else the little berries, with hardly any air space between them, "cooked" before they

could be placed on sale, thus rendering them perishable at a much earlier date. The Cape Cod Association got busy, sent representatives down to Washington, and explained the faults in the barrel law to Congressmen, who, though they had eaten cranberries, knew very little about the proper receptacles in which to ship them. The association secured its desire, and the federal law now reads: "That the standard barrel for fruits, vegetables, and other dry commodities shall be of the following dimensions, except for cranberries." The cranberry barrel is smaller, just as the fruit is itself smaller than the apple.

For the last six years James T. Hennessy has been president of the association. Mr. Hennessy knows cranberry growing and shipping from top to bottom, and himself owns bogs at Wareham, South Wareham, Rochester, and Rock. He knows the figures concerning the cranberry industry like a schoolboy knows the letters of the alphabet, and explained to me that there is about seven and one-half million dollars of capital invested in the bogs, screen houses, pumping stations and accessories of the Cape Cod growers. The annual product is about three hundred thousand barrels.

From the time when the Pilgrims first picked them until about fifty years ago, cranberries grew wild, and no one seemed to realize their commercial possibilities. Then, gradually, bogs on the lower Cape began to be cultivated with a little more care. Later, Abel D. Makepeace, a pioneer in cranberry growing, came to Wareham

and Carver. He bought up many of the most valuable lands for cranberry culture—swamps having water supply, good drainage possibilities, and peat or muck bottom. He laid the foundation which has made Carver, Wareham and Plymouth the center of cranberry culture ever since. In the center of the territory where he first specialized in growing cranberries is West Wareham, the world's largest shipping station.

The growers have their own state experimental station near Wareham, presided over by Dr. H. J. Franklin. He began the study of cranberries about 1905, and with the exception of a year or two, he has been at it ever since. In disseminating the principles of bog management and insect control, Dr. Franklin is rendering an invaluable service. Cranberry growers accept his word almost as law. He is acknowledged to be the leading authority in the world on frost prediction and worms. Fruit growers as far off as the western coast have sought his services.

During the growing season Dr. Franklin watches the weather like a hawk. Every day he broadcasts a report to all growers by telephone from the experimental station. Perhaps it looks like frost to some of the growers, but if Dr. Franklin says no, that usually suffices, and there is no more worry that night.

Another night he may predict a frost. All over the district the flood gates are thrown wide, and the water pours in upon the bogs, covering with a protective coat the delicate plants.

Seven years ago Dr. Franklin began scien-



DR. H. J. FRANKLIN, acknowledged to be one of the leading "weather wizards" in the world. During the growing season he broadcasts frost reports by telephone to the cranberry growers. His reports are based on a mathematical formula he has worked out, and growers say he has saved them hundreds of thousands of dollars

tific experiments with a view to eliminate chance so far as possible, and minimizing the errors in frost prediction. He made accurate statistics regarding the temperature each evening, the dew point, the wind velocity, and a host of other things. Daily records were kept and compared with the frost reports. He devised methods of calculating minimum bog temperatures. Then a mathematical formula was worked out. Much of the uncertainty of frost prediction has been eliminated by the use of the

formula. Mathematics and science, such as Dr. Franklin employs, are always better than guess work—even good guess work. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been saved by Dr. Franklin's researches, growers assert.

In his laboratory at the experimental station, Dr. Franklin is carrying on microscopic studies of plant diseases. It is an almost endless job, this study of the gypsy moth, the brown-span worm, the green-span worm, the girdler, the black-head fire worm, but he is nearer to the final solution of the problem than any one man.

During the winter season his time is occupied in the preparation of reports for the United States Department of Agriculture, and similar statistical organizations. Last winter he also lectured to the faculty of the State College of Agriculture on the cranberry.

The marketing of cranberries is one of the most vital steps in the industry. It used to be that they were sold through the regular commission houses, but that never proved quite satisfactory.

Next came the picturesque method of buying "on the barrel top." During the growing season buyers came from miles around and from other states and sampling the berries paid cash down upon the barrel, then put their own label upon it and sent it to their own shipping point. But this method, while interesting to the observer, caused needless expense and much duplication of work. Out of the many experiments in selling cranberries, the marketing agencies of today have evolved.

The largest independent distributor of cranberries on Cape Cod, and that means in this world, is J. J. Beaton. He ships a large proportion of the immense crop provided by the three hundred odd growers of the association. About eighty main distributing points in large cities are scattered over the entire country, and from them the crop is redistributed in smaller quantities,

Cranberries, America's Gift to Epicure

You don't know how delicious a dessert can be until you've eaten **CRANBERRY ICE CREAM**.

Add to a quart of cranberries one pint of warm water, one and a half cups of sugar, two eggs, and boil hard for twenty minutes; when cool, stir in one pint of scalded cream, and freeze.

And **CRANBERRY MUFFINS!** If you like blueberry muffins, these will tickle your palate so you can't sit still.

Beat one-third of a cup of butter to a cream; beat in one-fourth cup of sugar and one egg, beaten light. Have ready one quart of cranberries, which have been cooked as above. Sift together two cups of pastry flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat this into the first mixture alternately with three-fourths of a cup of milk; lastly beat in the cranberries. Bake in a hot, well-buttered iron muffin-pan about twenty-five minutes.

Everybody eats **CRANBERRY SAUCE**, and most every housewife makes it one way or another. Here's the real Cape Cod recipe:

To two quarts of cranberries add enough water to cover, and boil hard for twenty minutes.

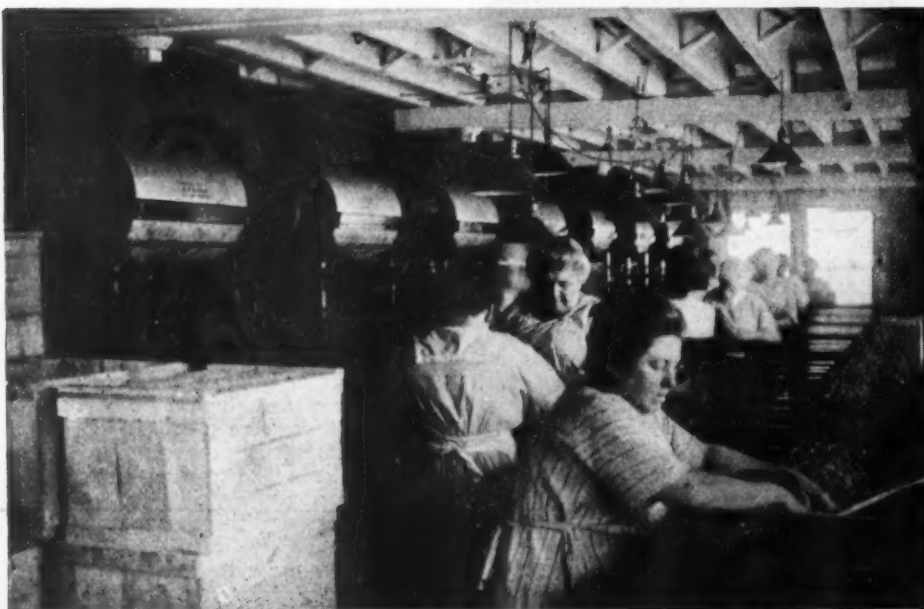
While still boiling turn into a coarse wire strainer or colander placed over a dish containing three-fourths of a cup of sugar. Rub pulp through, mix thoroughly and set in mould over night. For cranberry jelly strain out all pulp. No further cooking required.

and reaches the consumer with a directness and saving in cost that was never approached under any of the old plans.

Even the special cranberry barrel, which had been secured by federal statute by the Association, had some disadvantages. Mr. Beaton found, in making shipments. Barrels proved clumsy and bulky to store, the berries were crushed in the process of scooping them out, and a darkened, half-empty barrel was hardly the best display from the retailer's point of view. So Mr. Beaton originated the half-barrel box, which is somewhat similar to a small orange crate. At first he experimented by placing a few boxes in each carload of cranberries shipped in barrels. They met with almost immediate approval, and retailers sent back word that the new containers made a better window display, were easier to handle and store, and what is more, sold much faster. Last year seven-eighths of the crop distributed by the growers comprising the Beaton Agency was shipped in boxes, and shippers generally have adopted the new method.

Uncle Sam is not the sole user of cranberries, for there are distribution points in Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia as well. Cape Cod cranberries also go regularly each year to Honolulu. From the United States Supply Station they are sent to the various navy boats in Hawaiian waters, and when Thanksgiving and Christmas roll around every American sailor gets his fill of real cranberry sauce.

Americans in Mexico and Cuba, who have ordered small supplies for their own use, have passed on compliments about the fruit, and now in some towns the natives themselves have become enthusiastic cranberry fans, with ever-increasing demand.



Blad photo, Warcham, Mass.

THE Screen House. The berries on the moving belt at the right of the picture are ready for shipping. All defective berries, dust, leaves and twigs have been removed. A good berry actually has to bounce its way to your table. If it is crushed or soft it passes off on another belt

the Fruit of a Thousand Uses

Who said prohibition? Here's a drink that satisfies the Volstead Act, and yet, my, oh my! It's CRANBERRY HIGH BALL.

To two quarts of cranberries add enough water to cover, and boil hard for twenty minutes. Strain, and sweeten to taste. Add water as desired and pour in glasses with cracked ice.

We mortals wax enthusiastic about ordinary cranberry pie, but the gods of Olympus would smack their lips at this:

MOCK CHERRY PIE. Two quarts of cranberries cooked as above, one cup of granulated sugar; three-fourths cup of chopped raisins; two tablespoons of sifted flour; one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla; three-fourths of a teaspoonful of extract of almond, if preferred; a pinch of salt.

Mix ingredients together before putting into crust. Bake with two crusts.

Who but a real Cape Cod cook could have concocted this amazingly delicious dish?

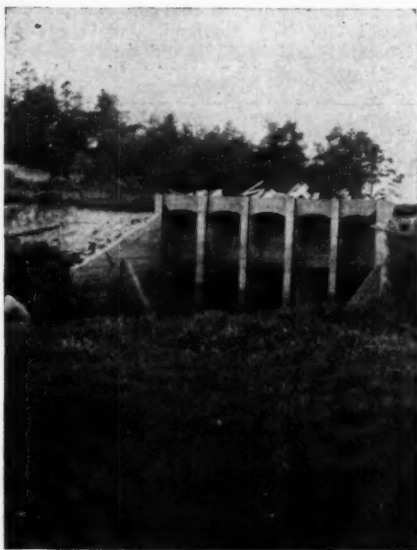
STEAMED CRANBERRY PUDDING.

Mix two and one-half cups of fine soft bread crumbs (Boston brown bread is the best, but any kind of bread may be used) with two-thirds of a cup of chopped suet, or half a cup of melted butter; add half a teaspoonful of salt, a quart of cranberries which have been thoroughly cooked, one-half a cup of sifted flour, sifted again with a teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg beaten light and one cup of milk and half a cup of sugar. Mix all together thoroughly. Steam two hours in a buttered mold and serve hot.

The cranberry can truly be called America's national fruit, for although it did not originate here, as was the case with maize, Europe today is learning the tastiness of cranberries from America. England frequently orders shipments, and during the war one of the boats torpedoed and sunk off the English coast carried a partial cargo of cranberries. They were shipped fresh to

France to American doughboys, few of whom lacked cranberry sauce on the holidays, even if they did not get a taste of turkey. The army commissary department also used a prepared cranberry sauce, and in some mysterious manner cans of it occasionally got into the hands of the French people, who became enthusiastic converts, ranking this new dish as *magnifique* in true epicurean fashion.

When the Cape Cod Canal was completed it provided a short cut for boats bound for historic Boston. It made the perilous journey around the shoals and treacherous waters of Chatham Bars, experienced ever since the Pilgrims tried to find a harbor, no longer necessary. So the Canal brand of cranberries, a short cut between the picturesque bogs of the Cape and the public's taste for delicacies, is appropriately named. In addition, the Long Distance brand suggests the international field that is covered, and the rapidity with which the fresh berries are placed in the hands of housewives everywhere.



Blad photo, Wareham, Mass.

THE flood gates of a cranberry bog. When frost is expected the gates are thrown wide, covering the vines with a protective coating of water. When the danger is over the water is drained off. This is one of the unique processes of cranberry culture

The wet peat or muck bottom is surrounded by sand hills, from which sand is spread to a depth of four to six inches after the bottom has been graded. The bogs of today remind one of stupendous putting greens on some golf course of the gods, and the soft thick mat of vines on the firm sanded fields is like an immense green carpet of velvet or plush—a rugged giant moss. As the season proceeds and cranberries ripen, the bog takes on a tinge of pink which deepens daily.

When the cranberries are ripe, an army of pickers, in extended formation, comb the vines of their burden with wooden scoops. The berries are carried to the screen house. On the second floor they are dumped into hoppers, where strong blowers remove the leaves and dust. Then they start a unique trip, which ends in the boxes ready for shipment.

Down a long flight of miniature steps,



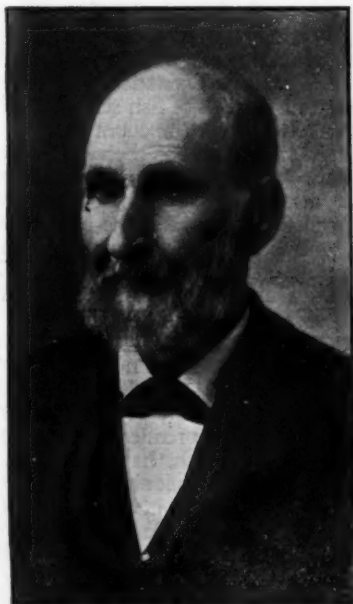
Blad photo, Wareham, Mass.

J. J. Beaton, the largest independent distributor of cranberries in the world

called the winnower, they bound. The strong, healthy, resilient berries bounce to safety on moving belts on which they are re-sorted as they travel to the boxes for shipment. But an overripe berry, or a crushed one, or one damaged in any way, does not have the vigor to bounce its way to final consumption in the form of sauce, pudding, or pie. The faulty berries merely drop with sodden thud from step to step, finally reaching another belt, which carries them off separately. Thus is the "wheat" separated from the "chaff."



DANIEL E. SWIFT, a veteran of the Civil War and a veteran cranberry grower as well. His ninety-ninth birthday is October 23, 1922. Like Mr. Humphrey, he has eaten cranberries all his life. He uses a cane, but can get along very well without it. His home is at West Wareham, the world's largest cranberry shipping point



CRANBERRIES are mighty healthy! Mr. Galen Humphrey, Wareham cranberry grower, was ninety-nine years old September 2, 1922. He walks down town almost every day to attend to business duties. He not only grows cranberries, but eats them—lots of them

The Days of Romance Still With Us—Continued from page 233

While in Congress he showed himself absolutely independent of any interests or cliques. During his four years as a Congressman he did not draw any salary or any other of the emoluments of a Congressman. He paid all his own bills for secretary and clerk hire, mileage, stationery, telegraph and postage. Mr. Fuller never once availed himself of the franking privilege, but paid all the expenses of his office out of his own pocket.

He did this because he wanted to be absolutely foot free to criticize the abuses that existed in that connection. In November, 1920, he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, and resigned from Congress. After his resignation he maintained his office at Washington for three months until his successor was sworn in and ready for business, in order that his constituency should have some one to care for their wants. This was at the time when returning soldiers were entering claims and soliciting aid of their Congressmen.

His views on politics are distinctive. "It is easy to play the game, but it takes courage not to play it according to the custom that has been used by men of all parties," he has declared. Speaking of his principles, he says: "I believe that public service is a trust, and I always like to try to represent the rank and file at home who

have not got the time to interest themselves in political affairs."

When Robert Fulton first introduced the steamboat, in 1811, our grandfathers shook doubtful heads. When George Stephens' first locomotive, the "Rocket," made twenty-nine miles an hour on its initial trip, a German professor stated that railroads were impracticable, for such a speed would surely induce brain fever. Within our own generation we can recall the doubt with which the first automobiles were introduced as toys for the idle rich. Twenty-five years ago there were in the United States only four automobiles. Today there are eight million. Lieutenant-Governor Fuller had a vision a quarter of a century ago, and it was he who introduced the automobile to New England and has since been a great factor in bringing the motor car from an experiment to an active factor in the commerce of New England.

He is a man devoted to his family, and spends many days in the summer and many week ends in the winter rollicking with his children on his beautiful estate at Rye Beach, New Hampshire.

Mr. Fuller has always been very athletic, and in his early days was a bicycle rider of much local fame. At one time he held the mile championship for New England. He is a devotee of baseball and football, and rarely misses one

of the big college football games played in Boston. He plays a good game of golf and tennis. To quote one who plays tennis with him sometimes, "Mr. Fuller keeps so everlastingly after that ball that while he is not a brilliant player, you know that you have been playing when he finishes with you." That statement is typical of Mr. Fuller's whole life, business, sports, and politics. Whenever he sets out to do anything he keeps everlastingly after it until he has finished the job, and success has always crowned his efforts. Mr. Fuller is extremely modest and claims no especial credit for his success. He attributes it as much to opportunity as to his ability.

He is a human-hearted sort of man who has always dealt fairly with his employees and has never had any labor trouble of any sort. He claims that the average employee would rather follow the leadership of his employer than that of any other man if he is but given the chance, and if the employer will but know and understand those in his employ.

Mr. Fuller is yet a young man, being forty-four years of age. He has a vision still, an indomitable will and a knack of getting what he goes after. He will undoubtedly be Governor of his State some day—and, well this is the land of opportunity.

Frank Davis Goes Fishing for Everybody—Continued from page 211

If there was the slightest bruise on a mackerel it never went on. The slightest imperfection meant that it never went to one of his customers. By culling and reculling and then reculling again he has found the quality to suit his standard—a standard which has never varied from the time he sent his first order by mail to Boston.

From a four-story substantial building in Gloucester today, decorative window boxes adding to the cleanly, wholesome atmosphere, orders are dispatched to every state to lovers of sea foods. The business has been a natural evolution. Little cook books telling just how to prepare all sorts of sea foods as appetizers, ranging through salt mackerel, salt codfish, smoked halibut, finnan haddie, and shrimp, have been broadcasted over the country. An ever increasing appetite for sea food has resulted. This master of fish selection has won his way to the hearts of American women because he has shown them how to prepare salads and epicurean dishes in a moment when unexpected company arrives. And the perplexities vanish as the emergency is taken care of.

To read one of his sea food letters makes one hungry, but with one of the colored cook books at hand, with every detail outlined and illustrated, nothing is wanting. Even the aristocratic caviar is included in the category of his sea food luxuries, to say nothing of the numberless appetizing sauces. No wonder an eminent domestic science teacher insisted that a Frank E. Davis catalog was a text book on the preparation of sea foods.

From mackerel, the original specialty, the business developed to all kinds of sea foods. The sacred codfish commanded attention, and today Mr. Davis furnishes a canned codfish that carries with it a flavor of the catch newly delivered at the wharf.

From far-off Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, lobster pots arrive in the morning, and before the afternoon the toothsome crustacean is canned and sent on its way to bring joy and delight to those who find the same flavor and a safer food than the average restaurant lobster in even a sea-coast town.

The same is true of his codfish. "First of all, it is a matter of the quality of the fish," he says. "The salt mackerel must be fat and tender, thick meat and juicy; the codfish in the solidity of fresh catch, full-flavored; the lobster, crisp and dainty as though just lifted from the shell." From Gloucester go the pink and white morsels of selected shrimps, the wholesome, appetizing clams, and clam chowder made in the real old Gloucester way that is an epic in sea foods.

At Gloucester we dined and had fish to the full. As I heard Mr. Davis tell the story of those fish, his blue eyes sparkled with the same youthful enthusiasm of the day he received his first order.

"I like the fish business," he said. "I would rather serve good fish to people than do anything else in the world. My life has been devoted to it. The thousands of letters of commendation received is the inspiration that keeps us going on and on to develop new ideas in the use of fish and encourage a more widespread taste for this healthful diet. From the sea food delivered here from the wharves at our side door over one hundred thousand families throughout America are supplied."

At that very moment an automobile from a far-off western state stopped at the door, and an enthusiastic customer—a mail order acquaintance—got out to call upon the fish king.

Frank E. Davis has that face of the honest

fisherman who glories in bringing to the people the trophies of the deep. He emphasizes freshness always, for freshness gives the fish its flavor. In every letter, circular, and price list, he insists that any fish not found satisfactory should be returned without expense. And in the millions of packages that he has sent there has never been sent one that has been in the slightest way tainted or imperfect.

A summer evening in Gloucester amid the rocks of the historic North Shore, with a feast of sea foods spread before one in the balmy breath wafted across the harbor, is an experience never to be forgotten. That is what Frank E. Davis is trying to radiate through his parcels of fish sent to the lovers of sea food all over the country.

Davis mackerel has become almost as standard as wheat, and now he is sending out canned codfish, believing that this delicacy will further expand the market for sea food and stimulate the appetite for fish more than one day a week.

In the Davis building on Central Wharf, Gloucester, are the evidences of what quality means in a business. Even to Ireland and Norway he sends, if need be, to get the quality of product he desires. Frank E. Davis, reckoned by the people living in sea-shore towns as the premier authority on the food qualities of fish, has given to inland residents and shore folk alike the advantages of the study he began in earliest boyhood.

The glories of Cape Ann and the romance of her sea-faring folk find expression in the life and career of the Gloucester boy who carries the products of Gloucester far and near throughout the world. In the thousands of letters signed "Frank E. Davis" and the fulfilled promise of quality which follows, the integrity that exemplifies New England ideals is steadily maintained.

Linking the West and East with a water highway

From the Great Lakes to the Sea

The great Middle West—the heart of the Continent—with all its vast agricultural and industrial resources, would reap immeasurable benefits from the proposed St. Lawrence waterway project

NEW ENGLAND has always had a notion to go West. Except when they were going to sea, the New England Yankees have always had their eyes turned towards the West, and have been accustomed to follow their intent in person or by proxy.

That habit of looking westward is printed on office doors in State Street, Boston, where the interest in copper mines from Michigan to Montana is recorded. The building of the Pacific roads was very largely an adventure of New England capital looking westward. The first promoter of the Northern Pacific was Josiah Perham, a Vermont Yankee, who dared believe in the wilderness of the Northwest then inhabited only by Indians and buffalo, and that New England of the Civil War period would raise one hundred million dollars in hundred-dollar subscriptions to finance the project. The Union Pacific, afterwards built, was put through largely by New England capital and New England men.

Today the West has its own ideas. The Middle West is looking for an outlet by way of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. The states that border the lakes hope to be part of the seacoast. They believe that the interior of the United States ought to be put on a transportation parity with the borders of the Baltic, the Mediterranean littoral, or the coasts of the Argentine. They argue that nowhere else in the world is extensive production carried on more than a thousand miles from the water base. They argue that the present transportation structure is illogical and impossible, that no system of rates can be devised that will be high enough to pay the railroads and yet low enough to let the traffic move over these great distances.

Those people in the Middle West think this is their idea, that they discovered it and worked it up all by themselves. It is supposed to be a western idea. That is all very well, and nobody wishes to take from the enterprising westerner any of the credit that is due him. But here, as elsewhere, New England Yankees, looking westward, saw this long ago.

It can be traced back along various lines to independent discoverers of the idea that the natural outlet from the Great Lakes to the sea is by the St. Lawrence route. The map tells the same story to anyone who cares to look at it. Follow any one of those lines of discovery. It illustrates the New England habit of looking towards the West. In 1849 T. H. Canfield, of Burlington, was building a railroad to connect Vermont with Boston. Up to that time Vermont and part of New Hampshire were connected with the rest of the world only by way of

By JOHN STONE PARDEE

Assistant Director of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association

Lake Champlain and the Champlain Canal, and from the West by the Erie Canal. When the road to Boston went through, that was the end of Burlington as the water gate to Vermont. Mr. Canfield opened another line of connections to reach the West by way of Lake Champlain and Montreal and the St. Lawrence River, so that he might bring Western flour to Burlington to ship to New England by the new railroad.

Still looking westward, Canfield, in 1895,



CHARLES P. CRAIG of Duluth, Minnesota, Vice-President and Executive Agent of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association. As a director of the Mississippi Valley Association and the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, and a councillor of the United States Chamber of Commerce, he has a keen interest in the St. Lawrence Canal project, and is working effectively for the development of cheaper transportation of food products from the West to the eastern seaboard

was active in a waterways convention held at Cleveland. And this Vermont Yankee, who had been looking westward then for fifty active years, appeared as an advocate of a deep water road from the Great Lakes to the ocean, following the natural outlet by way of the St. Lawrence. Wherever the history of this movement is followed, one does not go far before he comes across the trail of a New England man.

The view of such men then was shrewd and prophetic. They described the commerce and the production of the Middle West in terms that have been realized thirty years later. They foresaw that the railroads alone could not economically carry the burden of traffic for the whole country and deliver it economically at seaboard terminals. They foresaw that, and the present generation has experienced, the fact. The transportation system, working against that long leverage, the terminals working under that tremendous pressure, have more than once broken down. Where they saw that it would not do, we have met with the situation where it could not be done. Where they looked for a better opportunity, these western men who demand the way to the sea are claiming it upon the basis of having any opportunity at all to develop the resources that are there awaiting development.

At the time of this former movement in 1895, a movement which was allowed to lapse, there was no such place as Gary, Indiana, and there was no such thing as the automobile industry. The Middle West has business to dispatch, where thirty years ago it built on hopes alone.

In another rather important aspect, the present St. Lawrence movement differs from that of thirty years ago. The improvement in the St. Lawrence involves simply making a channel for vessels to pass the rapids. Until now those rapids have effectively obstructed any project for a ship channel. There is nothing impossible about it, as the building of canals for smaller vessels by the Canadian government shows. But it was not until now a feasible undertaking. The rapids were too great an obstruction.

Today the rapids of the St. Lawrence, instead of encumbering the project, actually help it. Those rapids can be made to develop an enormous horse-power. And that horse-power can be delivered to factories hundreds of miles away. Practically all New England is within the radius of transmission. The western people who advocated this improvement of the St. Lawrence outlet thirty years ago could not foresee the future possibilities of water-power development. In the last thirty years the situation has entirely changed. The rapids of the St. Lawrence, which have hitherto

obstructed the river, are now a potential aid in its improvement and a necessary adjunct to this project.

While the people of the Middle West have looked at this project solely from the standpoint of navigation, thinking only of the outlet for their products, and of the back haul to the Middle West of commodities for their consumption, it remained for New England people to develop in correct proportion the importance of this power development and the relative importance of westward traffic over this water highway.

That is only natural. Western people, realizing their own need, are proposing a remedy for it. It is east of the Alleghenies that the need for power development has become acute, and the fuel shortage has grown ominous. It is a need that bears most heavily upon New England, furthest from the coal fields. To a New England organization belongs the credit for giving an account of this proposition which foots up in correct proportion the St. Lawrence improvement as a national project, the influence that this national water highway will have upon western development, and upon New England commerce and industries, and the results which may be accomplished by utilization of the water power in the St. Lawrence.

A year ago the Associated Industries of Massachusetts appointed from its Executive Committee a committee of nine to make a study of the St. Lawrence project from both the New England and the national standpoint. That committee tackled the job in sober earnest. Here was an undertaking which, in itself, was the biggest engineering job under consideration in America. In its effects, good or bad, there was no other proposal before the American people that was anything like it. If it was a failure, it would be a waste of \$250,000,000. If it was a success it would add to the value of every foot of ground from the Rocky Mountains to the Alleghenies. It proposed a fundamental change in the national transportation system. If its advocates were right, it was the indirect solution of the railway problem. If it had the effect upon the railroads which some people anticipated, it would plunge them into bankruptcy. If it was a success it would shift the center of gravity of American industries, building up those of the Middle West, and require a readjustment of New England's economic basis.

Clearly this was not a case for snap judgment. The committee gave the matter careful and profound study. They examined the report made by the official body of engineers for the two governments. They examined the report made by the International Joint Commission upon the economic feasibility; they reviewed the evidence which had been presented to the Commission. They made independent studies. They studied the power development from the New England standpoint, and made their original calculations as to that feature. They submitted their report to the executive committee of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts.

This organization has some fifteen hundred members, including nearly all the leading industrial concerns of the state, and it acts through its Executive Committee of

forty members. The report of the special committee came before this Executive Committee, which, after due consideration of the questions involved, arrived at the following conclusions:

- (a) That the project is feasible from an engineering standpoint.
- (b) That it can be constructed at a reasonable cost, considering the magnitude of the work involved.
- (c) That it will furnish direct and usable water route between the ports of the Great Lakes and both foreign and domestic ocean ports.
- (d) That in the very near future this nation will require every possible means of transportation by water, rail, and motor, and that accordingly the St. Lawrence project will be of great assistance in reducing otherwise necessary expenditures for additions to our rail facilities and greatly lessen the inevitable transportation crisis which will arise with a restoration of normal business and the natural growth of the country.
- (e) That it will give to New York and New England a very large, reliable, and cheap source of hydro-electric energy.
- (f) That the project is desirable for the country as a whole, and beneficial to New England.

Opinion in New England is not absolutely unanimous. There is another view, of which Mayor Curley of Boston is the chief spokesman. Only a few days after this report appeared Mayor Curley declared from a public forum in Washington that "the only thing necessary now to completely obliterate New England as a commercial and industrial entity, would be this St. Lawrence project."

There are the two points of view. There is no divergence of opinion as to the feasibility of this improvement. There may be elsewhere, but not in New England. Mayor Curley and those for whom he speaks, say it is entirely feasible and that it would be bad for New England. The Associated Industries and those for whom they speak declare that it is entirely feasible, and that it would be good for New England.

The New England for which The Associated Industries speaks is the New England which sent its clipper fleet to scour the seas and carry New England's commerce to the ports of all the world, the New England which projected the Pacific roads when the great West was a wilderness, and was the largest contributor to the success of that adventure, the New England which has developed the mineral resources of Michigan and Montana and Arizona, the New England which looks toward the West.

Curiously enough, New England men have had a vital part in all the preliminaries which have led to this development. In the International Joint Commission which prepared the base report for the proposed action of the two governments, the chairman of the American section is Hon. Obadiah Gardner, of the State of Maine. But this action rests upon foundations earlier laid.

The peculiar feature of the proposed improvement is that the St. Lawrence for one hundred miles forms the boundary between the United States and Canada, and for the remainder of the distance, nearly a thousand miles, to the ocean, it flows through Canada. But for this fact there is little doubt that this improvement would have been made long ago. Because it is partly boundary water and partly in Canada, the improvement can be carried out only by some form of international arrangement,

and the foundations have been laid for that. When peace was in the making between the United States and Great Britain after the War for Independence, John Adams, one of the treaty commissioners, set up the claim that the St. Lawrence was, by the nature of the case, an international highway. The claim was not allowed. Afterward, when John Quincy Adams, his son, was President, and Clay was Secretary of State, he renewed the claim, and pointed to the fact that the Treaty of Vienna established a precedent by which the St. Lawrence was, in international law, a common highway to the powers. Again it was unsuccessful against the reluctance of Great Britain to concede that point. But when Grant was president, the position taken by Adams and Clay was again asserted, and in the treaty of 1871, which disposed of all matters then in dispute between Great Britain and the United States, it was imbedded in the law of nations that vessels of the United States should have equal rights with those of Great Britain from the international boundary "from, to, and into the sea—forever."

So it came to pass that through the entire length of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, the United States and Canada are partners. As perfected by the treaty of 1909, which provided also for the appointment of the International Joint Commission, the St. Lawrence, through its entire length, is our river as much as Canada's, for the purposes of navigation, while along the boundary the potential power is owned equally by the two countries, and can be improved only by their agreement. The Great Lakes and the outlet by way of the St. Lawrence are an asset to the two nations. The improvement of this highway is found by the International Joint Commission to be a present benefit to both. That conclusion has been accepted by President Harding, who says:

The heart of the continent, with its vast resources in both agriculture and industry, would be brought in communication with all the ocean routes by the execution of the St. Lawrence waterway project. To enable ocean-going vessels to have access to all the ports of the Great Lakes would have a most stimulating effect upon the industrial life of the continent's interior.

To that view The Associated Industries of Massachusetts give their concurrence. And considering also its more immediate effects, they find that the project is "desirable for the country as a whole, and beneficial to New England." This is the voice of New England, the descendants of those men who made New England the seat of America's foreign trade, the descendants of the men who made New England the nation's workshop, the heirs of men who made New England great in history, whose influence is felt in every corner of the country. It was a true New Englander who said, in time of crisis, "Have faith in Massachusetts."

In harmony with that faith, these men who are responsible in a large degree for the industrial future of this industrial community, have not hesitated to believe that in a project by which the whole country will gain, New England, apart from the direct and immediate advantage, will receive its beneficial share.

TICKLING *the* NATION

*Humor—best ORIGINATED during "bright college years,"
but best APPRECIATED in the years that follow*



A certain collegiate young man entered a haberdashery and asked to be shown a high-class hat. A chapeau was brought to him and after carefully inspecting it he asked the price.

"Twenty-two dollars," was the reply.

He again turned his attention to the hat, turning it over and over in his hands.

"What's the matter?" asked the dealer.

"I'm looking for the holes," answered the Kollegiate Kiddy.

"The holes! What holes?"

"Why the holes for the jackass that would buy this to put his ears through."

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

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There was a serious conflagration in a deaf and dumb institution near here not many moons ago. One of the inmates broke his thumb yelling fire.

—Knox College Siwasher.

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HAVE YOU EVER?

Who's that homely woman over there?

That's my sister.

She sure is clever.

—Knox College Siwasher.

△ △ △

Town cut-up to deaf old man: "Merry Christmas, you old fool."

Deaf old man, in high voice: "Same to you, Sonny, same to you."

—Knox College Siwasher.

△ △ △

He: "A penny for your thoughts."

She: "Oh, they're just day dreams."

He: "But what are the day-dreams about?"

She: "My night work."

—University of Iowa Frivol.

△ △ △

Flap: "I dropped my watch on the sidewalk."

Flip: "Did it stop?"

Flap: "No, dear. It went right through into the subway."

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

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He: "Going to have dinner anywhere tonight?"

She (eagerly): "Why, no, not that I know of."

He: "Gee, you'll be awfully hungry by morning!"

—Yale Record.

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If you want dough, you gotta have crust.

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

This is the story of Johnny McGuire. Who ran through the town with his trousers on fire.

He went to the doctor's and fainted with fright

When the doctor told him that his end was in sight.

—Dartmouth Jack-o-lantern.

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She: "I wonder what Sir Walter Raleigh said to the Queen when he put his coat down for her?"

He: "Probably, 'Step on it, Kid.'"

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

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JUST LIKE A WOMAN

He: "As you sit there gazing on the beautiful ocean, your eyes seem to speak an unsatisfied longing. Tell me, darling, what is it you crave?"

She: "I just LOVE lobsters."

—Pelican.

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OVER THE LINE

Ole: "Tillie, will ye marry me?"

Tillie: "Yaas, Ole."

A long deadening silence falls. Finally, it is broken.

Tillie: "Vy don't you say something, Ole?"

Ole: "Vell, I tank Ay say too much already!"

—The Sour Owl.

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WHERE THINGS COME TO LIGHT

Now Trix McMIX is wondrous wise,

She captures all the men, and hark—

Her method old, still takes the prize

She keeps 'em in the dark.

—Cornell Widow.

△ △ △

Said the fly to the flea as he saw the flea running as fast as he could along the top of a Post Toasties package:

"Why are you running so fast, Mr. Flee?"

"Because it says here to tear along this line, so I am."

—Burr.

△ △ △

WE ARE IMPORTING
RAISINS FROM SPAIN;
SOME FOR RAISIN PIE,
MORE FOR RAISIN' CAIN!

—Burr.

△ △ △

"WASNT NERO THE GUY THAT WAS SO COLD TO HIS WIFE?"

"No, THAT'S ZERO. HE'S A DIFFERENT GUY ALTOGETHER."

—Dartmouth Jack-o-lantern.

"My kid brother was awfully sore at you when you were calling on me last night."

"Why so, I didn't do anything."

"That's why. He waited at the keyhole all evening for nothing."

—Gargoyle.

△ △ △

Sam (on outside, looking in): "Look heah, niggah, is yo' in fo' life?"

Rastus (on inside, looking out): "Not me, I ain't, jes' fum now on."

—Voo Doo.

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PRECAUTION

"Rastus, why foh you pack dat 'er razor to dis dance?"

"Niggah, don't yoh read, yourself, as how dis heah am to be a cut-in dance."

—Lord Jeff.

△ △ △

Barber: "You say you have been here before? I don't remember your face."

Victim: "Ah, it's all healed up now."

—Goblin.

△ △ △

Padre: "You'll ruin your stomach, my good man, drinking that stuff."

Old Soak: "'Sall right, 'sall right, it won't show with my coat on."

—Orange Owl.

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He (at 2 a. m.): "Well, I must be off."

She (yawning): "That's what I thought when I first met you."

—Sand Springs Sandtonian.

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A MISUNDERSTANDING

"Now," said the Colonel, looking along the line of recruits, "I want a good, smart-looking bugler."

At that out stepped a dilapidated fellow, with a thick stubble of black beard.

"What!" said the Colonel, eyeing him up and down, "are you a bugler?"

"Oh," he answered, "I thought you said a burglar."

—Ashland (Wis.) Daily Press.

△ △ △

"Hello, little girl! Want a ride?"

"No, thanks. I'm walking back from one now."

—Purple Cow.

△ △ △

"Is he from the jungles?"

"Sure, he thinks a Ford is part of a brook."

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

Solving the basic problem of American prosperity

Getting *the* Farmer What *he* Earns

Governor J. A. O. Preus of Minnesota is nationally recognized leader in co-operative marketing. He doesn't believe in apples rotting in the orchards and corn moulding in the fields. Over half the farm products of his state are marketed under a progressive plan that means money in everybody's pocket

THE pivotal solution of world problems today reverts basically to the welfare of the farmer. It is one thing to raise crops—it is another thing to get cost of production out of them plus a profit that protects the man who sows and reaps year after year, facing the hazards of weather. Eliminating the loss between the harvest field and the homes supplied with food is America's most vital economic problem.

In the solution of that problem the state of Minnesota leads. Back of it all is a young governor, who early in life developed the qualities of aggressive and constructive leadership in public service. His work is rooted in a rugged experience and a sympathetic appreciation of what the farmer earns. Governor J. A. O. Preus of Minnesota has made a record unparalleled in this phase of American progress.

Early in 1920 the Republican party of Minnesota needed a Moses. The Nonpartisan League, which had control of both the legislative and executive branches of the government in the adjoining state of North Dakota, had a powerful organization in Minnesota. Their plan of procedure was to select a candidate for each office and have him file for nomination in the Republican primaries. Each of these candidates would then have the full support of the League's membership among the farmers, as well as the affiliated labor organizations.

Several ambitious men, not members of the League, had announced that they would be candidates for the Republican nomination for governor. It was feared Republican voters opposed to the League's principles, would divide their vote among several candidates and thus bring about the nomination of the Nonpartisan ticket.

There was no provision then in the Minnesota election laws for any political conventions. The party leaders decided that their only hope was through calling a voluntary convention, endorsing one candidate for each place and pledging him united support.

But something more than united support was needed. Two years before, the League had put up a powerful fight in Minnesota. It had the support of many farmers who had real or imaginary grievances against the terminal marketing organizations. It also had the backing of many individuals and factions who were not supporting the government in the war. That fact caused patriotic voters, regardless of party, to support Governor Burnquist, who was a candidate for re-election, and the League won only one minor state office.



HON. J. A. O. PREUS
Governor of Minnesota

But in 1920, the war was over. Political leaders felt a defensive campaign would not do. It would not be enough to condemn the League's war record or its economic policies. The party must have aggressive leaders, it must make an affirmative campaign. Besides showing that the League's program was unsound, it must offer a definite program which could be shown to be sound.

When the delegates met, they agreed it was a time to forget personal ambitions and get the strongest man available.

J. A. O. Preus, then state auditor, was not one of the announced candidates for governor. His name was presented to the convention, however, and on the first roll call he had a clear majority in a field of a half dozen candidates. This was in spite of the feeling many delegates had that it would be better to select a "new slate," men who had not held office before, men "fresh from the country."

They selected Preus because, in public addresses, he had shown a most complete grasp of the economic questions involved in the League's program, because it was felt that he above all others had the intellectual

and physical vigor necessary to make the short, but intensive campaign, and because he could offer a definite, affirmative program for improving marketing conditions.

Mr. Preus at once plunged into the campaign. He went into the districts where the League was strongest. He analyzed the League's program, showed the connections between its organizers and the Socialist party of America, the connections between socialism in America and sovietism in Russia, and the disastrous effect such a policy would have upon American agriculture and industry.

But he did not stop when he had presented the case against the League. He had an affirmative program.

He contended that co-operative marketing would be a more effective cure for marketing abuses than state ownership, which was proposed by the League in Minnesota and which was being attempted in North Dakota. He cited definite facts and figures showing what co-operative marketing had done for certain branches of agriculture in other states as well as in his own state. He had a program of legislation to aid the co-operative movement.

The League had a complete and effective organization of workers and newspapers. It had large campaign funds; it had carried on a continuous campaign for two years. Four candidates for governor, not league supporters, each with considerable personal following, cut into Mr. Preus' vote. Yet in spite of these handicaps and the shortness of his campaign, he won by a safe margin in the June primaries. Those familiar with conditions in Minnesota at the time assert that any other candidate, without Preus' personality, courage and vigor, would have succumbed to the League's campaign.

As the Minnesota law then stood, a candidate defeated in the party primaries could file as an independent candidate before the general election. This the League candidates did, but with the additional time Mr. Preus had to put his program before the people, he came out in the final election with a vote 53,000 greater than the League and Democratic candidates combined.

When Governor Preus took his oath of office, January 5, 1921, he was only thirty-seven years old. But he brought to the office an experience in public office and a knowledge of public affairs possessed by few men at any age.

Governor Preus was born on a farm in Wisconsin, August 28, 1883. He lived his early life among farmers, and today is recognized as a man of national prominence in all matters pertaining to the agricultural interests of the nation at large and especially of the middle West. Under his

leadership, early in his career as governor, an agricultural legislative program was organized in 1921 which led to more constructive laws for the benefit of the farmer than had been passed by any previous legislature in the history of the state. This work was the result of knowledge of conditions.

His father, C. K. Preus, a minister in the Norwegian Lutheran church, later became president of Luther College, Decorah, Iowa, and held that position until his death in May, 1921. His grandfather was Bishop Herman A. Preus. His mother was the eldest daughter of Rev. O. J. Hjort, a pioneer Norwegian minister of Iowa.

Governor Preus attended country schools until at the age of fourteen years he entered Luther College. After graduation there, he worked his way through the Law school of the University of Minnesota, receiving his degree in 1906. Even while he was attending the country school and later working his way through college, his ambition centered on public service. When he graduated from the Law school of the University, he accepted a position as messenger in the United States Senate to learn by actual contact of the machinery of government. Later he became Senator Knute Nelson's assistant secretary. He resigned in 1909, to open a law office at Ada, Minnesota.

He had barely begun practice when he was called to St. Paul to become executive clerk to Governor Eberhart. In 1911 he was appointed Commissioner of Insurance of Minnesota and held this position for four years. During that time he was instrumental in obtaining the passage of some of the best, most effective and most desirable legislation concerning insurance matters now on the statute books of the state. He is still considered by competent insurance men an authority on insurance law.

Mr. Preus was elected State Auditor in 1914, taking office January 1, 1915. He was re-elected in 1918.

The job of auditor in Minnesota is one of the biggest jobs in the state. Besides having supervision over all the state's financial transactions, he is the manager and sales agent for all of the state's land, timber and iron ore. Many of the iron mines in Minnesota are owned by the state and the auditor supervises the mining and collects the royalties for the state. The state has already realized more than \$40,000,000 from royalties and land and timber sales, which is held in trust funds for educational purposes, and the state still owns nearly two million acres of land, much of it ore and timber land.

The State Auditor is also a member of several state boards.

Mr. Preus' policy as auditor was to apply the same sound business principles in handling the state's affairs as a good business man would apply in a big private business. During his term as auditor the accounting system was revised and is today used as a model by many other states. Through his efforts much desirable legislation was passed affecting the administration of the trust funds and protecting the interests of the state in financial matters. One of these permits the state to sell iron ore under lake beds at public auction at a minimum of 50 cents a ton, double the amount received

under the old leases. The first lease under this law gave the state a royalty of more than \$1,500,000.

Since Mr. Preus became chief executive, there has been no doubt as to who was governor of the state. There has been no suggestion of any "power behind the throne." It is a familiar remark among employees in the capitol who have seen governors come and go, that Governor Preus can do more work and see more people in a half day than some men can in a week. Often he will come to his office and find his reception room filled with people waiting to see him and in a few minutes he will hear each one's

SEVERAL REASONS FOR ONE MAN'S SUCCESS

Governor J. A. O. Preus of Minnesota is decisive. His reception room may be crowded, but in a few minutes he hears each one's business, says yes or no definitely and always has a reason. Thousands who have met him in public life have learned to call him Jake, and in his campaign for governor the slogan was

"It's Jake with Me."

He whipped the Nonpartisan League in Minnesota because he studied the point of view of its members, pointed out the fallacies of the doctrine and the relation of the League organizers with the Socialist party and sovietism. Then, better still, he offered a definite, affirmative program which has proved a success.

He was born on a farm, grew up in the country, and when he talks farming he talks facts. He is the leading authority on co-operative marketing, and during his term more constructive laws benefiting the farmer have been passed than in any previous period in the history of the state.

He earned his way through college and then, after receiving the Law degree from the University of Minnesota, he took a job as messenger in the United States Senate to learn by actual contact all about the machinery of government.

He prevented what might have been a civil massacre by prompt action during a strike of packing house workers in South St. Paul.

While many basked in the warm sun at the summer resort beaches he was thinking about the winter's coal supply. He made a special trip to Washington to insure an ample quantity of fuel for the Northwest.

This is the second of the series of articles appearing in the NATIONAL on the leading Governors of the states of the Union. You cannot afford to miss one of them.

business and either have the matter attended to or tell him definitely why it cannot be done. He has a faculty of getting quickly to the essential point in any matter, whether it is presented to him verbally or in writing, and passing over all the unessential detail. He has an unusual and accurate memory for names and faces.

The legislature had begun its session when he was inaugurated and he immediately took the leadership in putting through an agricultural program covering not only a revision of the co-operative law, which he had proposed in his campaign, but several other measures for the relief of the farmers, whose complaints against marketing conditions had become more pronounced on account of the business depression.

As governor, Mr. Preus is not content to take life easy by merely passing upon matters which come before him officially, but he anticipates trouble and is busy doing something before the trouble gets serious. Late in 1921, a strike of packing house employees was called at South St. Paul. The strikers took possession of the city and prevented not only employees who wanted to work, but farmers, shippers and everyone else with legitimate business, from going into the stockyards district. The local police and sheriff were helpless. The governor ordered the national guard into the city and the streets were cleared and order restored without trouble or bloodshed. After the Herrin massacre last summer, many persons recalled Preus' action and stated that but for his prompt action the same thing would probably have happened in Minnesota.

This summer, before the average person had given any thought to the possibility of a coal shortage and long before any state or federal agencies had taken any action to avert such a disaster, Governor Preus went personally to Washington to urge upon Congress and federal officials, action which would expedite the movement of coal to Lake Erie ports. He followed this by calling a conference of Northwestern governors to discuss the fuel situation, by appointing a state fuel administrator, by taking steps to insure distribution of coal when it arrived, by sending a man to Washington to see that the Northwest got its share of the coal mined, by urging fuel conservation and arranging for the use of wood and other substitute fuels.

Governor Preus' opposition to the socialistic program of the Nonpartisan League is not a mere political expedient. It is based upon a complete understanding of the League's program, a knowledge of the aims of the League's leaders, familiarity with the origin and development of socialism and the writings of its leading exponents, and a knowledge of the history of various experiments in socialism and communism.

Although studious and serious by nature, Governor Preus is nevertheless very human. There is no formality about the Governor's office in Minnesota. Thousands have learned to call him "Jake" during the years he has been in public life and in the 1920 campaign the slogan was, "It's Jake with Me." Few people see the present Governor of Minnesota by appointment. The rule is to call during office hours, and usually before they have time to send in a card, they will see him coming out of his private office into the big reception room, stepping briskly across the room and greeting most of his callers by their first names.

Mr. Preus was married in 1909 to Idella Louise Haugen. They have one son, two and a half years old. Their home is in Prospect Park, in Minneapolis, near the border of St. Paul on a high knoll overlooking the two cities. Mr. Preus is much devoted to his family. Like most men in high office, he receives more dinner and speaking invitations than he can accept, but his office assistants say that in declining invitations, he does not send regrets "on account of previous engagements," half as often as he tells them he "must spend a little time at home with Jack."



Stage Gossip of the Month

in Boston

By MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE



"SHUFFLE ALONG," SELWYN'S THEATRE

EVERYBODY'S doing it! What? Why, singing or whistling the haunting melodies of "Shuffle Along," the tuneful, titillating musical-melange that has held the stage at Selwyn's Theatre for nearly three months. Those who can neither whistle nor sing are buying phonograph records and player piano rolls of "Honey-suckle Time" or "Ain't You Comin' Back, Mary Ann, to Maryland?" or other favorite song hits of this knockout musical success.

Boston has fallen for "Shuffle Along"—fallen hard, just as New York did; and just as London undoubtedly will when this big

black cloud of merriment descends upon it, some months after the date predicted for the eclipse. October 15th was the date scheduled for the company to sail for England—but they're still turning 'em away at the Selwyn, and present indications are that Christmas day will find Eubie Blake still waving his magic wand in the orchestra pit of this most popular of Boston's playhouses, or extracting large and juicy gobs of purest melody from the palpitant piano with his marvellously agile and sensitive fingers.

In which case Flournoy Miller and Aubrey Lyle (as Steve Jenkins and Sam Peck, the grocery store proprietors and rival candidates for Mayor of Jintown) will still be morally responsible for many a rose-tinted chiffon waist being spotted and streaked by falling tears of merriment, and many a diaphragmatic distress induced by uncontrollable laughter.

Yeah! Those two birds have got a lot to answer for, I'll say—and so have Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake, for aiding and abetting them by setting the cachinnatory figments of their effervescent imaginations to words and music.

One impelling reason for the joyous abandon in the snappy action of "Shuffle Along," for its laugh-compelling dialogue and haunting quality of its tuneful and touching melodies—that makes them linger pleasantly in recollection for days and weeks, is the African ancestry of its chief exponents.

This all-colored aggregation of mirth-provoking, music-loving children of a race whose remote forebears were cradled in the lap of a barbarism so veiled by the mists of antiquity as to wrap the mantle of impenetrable mystery about their origin, bring to the stage a natural mimetic talent, a simplicity of expression, a sense of humor, and, above all, ingrained in the very fibre of their being, a capacity for melodic expression that makes "Shuffle Along" one of the most genuinely enjoyable shows of the kind that has come to Boston for many a long day.

To hear the four "Harmony Kings" sing "Old Black Joe" and the other numbers of their unique and extensive repertoires is a rare delight; and the eccentric dancing of Tom Woods—who seems to be made of rubber, so light and "bouncy" is he upon his feet, is something to remember.

All Boston and its remotest suburbs seems determined to see and hear "Shuffle Along," and, having seen and heard it, to see and hear it again and yet again.

* * *

THE BAT is playing to capacity houses at the Wilbur, with every prospect of a long run. Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hapwood in collaboration have evolved in this play a real classic, which Messrs. Wagenhals and Kemper, the producers, have given a most adequate presentation. The original New York cast is appearing in the Boston production, which makes it doubly alluring to Hub theatre enthusiasts.



ONCE again David Wark Griffith, the miracle man of the movies, has produced "something different" in the film play that had its premier at Tremont Temple early in the month. "One Exciting Night" is a distinct departure from anything that he has previously done, in that it is frankly designed to amuse as well as thrill the audience. A noted list of players recruited from the speaking stage are in the cast, and the film is "going strong"

Film Fans Now Have Plentiful "Thrills" in Prospect

HOUDINI, for several years the "hand-cuff king," whom many ambitious aspirants for stage fame have imitated but never equalled, has definitely decided that the moving-picture field offers a wider opportunity for his talents than does the vaudeville stage.

After appearing in several film productions he organized his own company to produce spectacular film stories written and directed by himself, in which he naturally plays the leading part.

His first production, "The Man from Beyond," showing at the Globe, concerns the finding of a man encased for more than a hundred years in a mass of Arctic ice, who upon being hewn from the same, is brought back to life to live a haunting romance, the climax of which is the most thrilling scene ever depicted on the screen—the rescue of a girl on the very brink of Niagara Falls, in which Houdini, after being whirled through the surging rapids, saves the girl at the very moment the canoe, in which she is helpless, is about to plunge into the gorge hundreds of feet below.

The film provides a vehicle for the display of Houdini's adeptness in the presentation of spiritualistic phenomena, of which he is a master.

He has devoted years of study to this subject, and owns a library of works on spiritualism and manifestations of the supernatural.



HARRY HOUDINI



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild, New York City

JULIA SANDERSON, playing the stellar role in "Tangerine," a musical comedy of uncommon charm and humor that is having a successful run at the Shubert, is again delighting Boston audiences, with whom she is a pronounced favorite

WHERE ARE ALL THE COMMON PEOPLE?

FOLKS are gettin' most too distant,
Everything is in a mess,
What we need is common people,
And their old-time friendliness.
Touchin' fingers—that's no handshake,
Yet, that's all we get now-days—
Where are all the common people
And their good old honest ways?

Where are all the common people?
Where are all the sturdy folks?
Plenty saplin's in the forest,
But, where are the mighty oaks?
There is no such thing as beauty,
Money only brings distress,
What we need are hard-rough handshakes,
And some old-time friendliness.

We are gettin' tired of posers,
And their false society,
With a new style every mornin'—
Say—there's no style-change for me—
Specially with human bein's—
I'm for folks who're staunch and true,
Good old common home-like people
With their hearty "Howdy-do!"

Fred Keller Dix.

The Story of Music in America

Continued from page 214

the delightful song effusions which reveal a world of beauty, and which have given the composer of *Salomé* and *Elektra* first place in the public's attention. In this work the music lover revels in the composition of the man who is called "The architect of mighty tone-palaces that rear their sculptured battlement aloft in anonymous cloudlands—for Strauss is rather a lyric poet than a fashioner of fantastic dreams."

There are equally intimate and complete volumes concerning the other composers, yet the field is much broader even than the works of individuals. In another volume we find twenty-four transcriptions or fantasies of true Negro melody, ranked by one critic with the Hungarian rhapsodies of Liszt and the Slavonic dances of Dvořák. The introduction is by Booker T. Washington; the transcribing by S. Coleridge-Taylor, the foremost musician of the negro race.

The white marble structure of the Ditson Company facing historic Boston Common is an achievement indeed, but as nothing compared to this inestimable library to which music lovers the world over owe a debt which can never be repaid.

To William Arms Fisher's "Notes on Music in Old Boston," the writer is indebted for much of the data concerning the early history of the Ditson Company and the interesting notes about its environment.

Affairs and Folks

Continued from page 221

that a man cannot be an efficient secretary to someone whom he does not trust, or whom he does not admire.

Ralph Hayes is now associated with Will H. Hays in the Motion Picture Producers & Distributors Corporation and is doing effective work. But he will long be remembered as the author who gave to the world a glimpse of the World War in an unique and distinctive volume which will serve as a valuable reference book to the historian when making up the records of the great world tragedy, for it is authentic to the last comma and period, and gives an account of a journey that yielded impressive



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their present scale. Fifty per cent more communications are transmitted by telephone than by mail. This is in spite of the fact that each telephone communication may do the work of several letters.

The pioneers who planned the telephone system realized that the value of a telephone would depend upon the number of other telephones with which it could be connected. They realized that to reach the greatest number of people in the most efficient way a single system and a universal service would be essential.

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and important results for the United States and the Allies.

While it is but the modest report and record of a private secretary, we do not forget that John Hay, the eminent statesman and historian, was private secretary to Abraham Lincoln.

* * *

Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to Establish Another Bank

THE national organization of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has decided to establish a bank in New York City, in addition to the one already operated at Cleveland, it has been announced by Warren S. Stone, president of the union.

Capital for the new institution will be

drawn from funds accumulated by the brotherhood, said Mr. Stone. Commenting on a report that Henry Ford would furnish most of the capital, he declared he "hadn't heard anything about such a proposition."

Detailed plans for the new bank remain to be worked out, but it is intended to have it in operation within a year.

RHAPSODY

I am glad day long for the gift of song,
For time and change and sorrow;
For the sunset wings and the world-end things
Which hang on the edge of tomorrow.
I am glad for my heart whose gates apart
Are the entrance-place of wonders,
Where dreams come in from the rush and din
Like sheep from the rains and thunders.

William Stanley Braithwaite

You Cannot Buck Teamwork

Continued from page 227

desk, giving him every paper he needs and showing at once the facilities of choice that comes from a standardized line. Where one single mill used to put out random samples leading to confusion, now all the sample material of these twenty-six large mills can be carried in far more serviceable and ship-shape form. All the benefits of this gigantic task of standardizing twenty-six mills and four hundred and fifty tons of paper a day are given to the printer in a little cabinet on the corner of his desk.

Even with these simplified samples, the gigantic task of furnishing material for the aid of printers is shown by the fact that sixty carloads of paper were needed to make up these samples and sixty tons of steel for the cabinets.

Following the handbook, the company is getting out a series of "Yardsticks" of paper values. The first one on "The Correct Use of Bond Papers for Business Purposes," which has already been published, will be followed by others in various lines. This not only tells the proper grade of paper to use for each purpose, but indicates also why each should be chosen. They are issued primarily to help the printer show his customer the reason for choosing the right grade of paper.

* * *

An address by Dr. R. E. Rindfusz, secretary of the American Writing Paper Company and assistant to Mr. Galliver, before the Annual Convention of the National Association of Purchasing Agents, is a vivid word picture of what paper standardization embraces: first, the standardization of raw materials going into a product; second, standardization of product, each product uniform; third, standardization of line—just enough papers to meet all real needs, no grades overlapping, and still no grades so far apart as to leave genuine intermediate needs unprovided for; fourth, standardization of distribution, the most simple and direct distribution (it was printers who went to this company and told them how they should distribute paper effectively, he says); fifth, standardization of price, which means fair competition the country over; sixth, standardization of use, interpreting the uses of the consumer in terms of the standardized line of goods and passing on to the consumer the information as to the uses for which each grade was prepared, so that the benefits of stabilized lines may be fully realized by the consumer.

"It is the obligation of the manufacturer to make goods for specific uses, to say which product is for which use, to identify his goods so that the responsibility is truly his own and to set his claim for patronage and his hope for success on his ability intelligently and effectively to meet the needs of the consumer."

Dr. Rindfusz's "obligation" has given the printer his proper standing in professions. He and his company insist that people should employ printers on the same basis as lawyers or engineers. Paper is not a finished product like a bottle of grape juice, or a pair of shoes. The printed piece is the product. Since the printer is responsible for his finished job, the choice of the

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paper should not be jammed down his throat by his customer.

It is fitting that this revolution or evolution in the printing industry, vitalized by the vigor of its chief supplies, should have occurred while there is a printer at the White House. Warren G. Harding began his life work setting type. His career, more than the career of any other previous President, makes the illustrious life of Benjamin Franklin stand out as an exemplar. He set type from the same sort of a case as Ben Franklin, and knew the difference between the p's and q's in cold type. The odor of paper and the atmosphere of the print shop is never forgotten, and once a printer the love of the print shop ever remains. His exalted position is indeed an index of the new plane on which the printer lives.

The message has been carried to Garcia. Now the question is, what will Garcia do? The revolution in the use of paper is the message, and there will be no permanent peace or prosperity in the printing world or paper trade until the co-ordination planned becomes effective by common use and without the old abuses. The American Writing Paper Company, through President Galliver, has launched an idea and perfected a plan that carries the real message and brings hope to the printer's heart, and heartens all the industrial and business battalions. A general prosperity is at hand within the reach of all the people, when standards of production follow standards of living, for the team work of those in the line is being supported by a back field of strength and drive.

New York Congressman Recorded His Own Horoscope at the Age of Twelve

ALL political careers are not begun on a farm or in a country town, with the setting of a little schoolhouse. A lad in a New York City school at twelve years of age made up his mind, after reading about Washington and Lincoln, that he was going to be a member of Congress some day. The teacher later asked the pupils to write an essay on what position they hoped to occupy when they were thirty-five. Little Isaac Siegel in a scrawling hand recorded his horoscope, "I will be in Congress when I am thirty five."

The sequel occurred in 1914. He was elected when he was thirty-four. These intervening years span a romance of an interesting career. Isaac Siegel was born in New York in 1880 and attended the public schools with pavements for a playground. He served a real apprenticeship in political work even in those school days, for he knew all the leaders in his Assembly District. After leaving high school he attended New York University and received the degree of LL. B. His name was in gold letters on a law office door in 1902, and he served as special deputy attorney-general in 1909 and 1910.

Elected to the sixty-fourth Congress in a hard-fought battle, he has three times defeated Morris Hillquit, the leading Socialist of America. His popularity with his constituents indicates that he just knows how to serve them. He feels that everyone is his individual client, and the word passes down the line, "Talk to Siegel."

During the busy days in Washington he was looking after the interests of the soldier boys. As chairman of the Overseas Commission during the war in 1918, he was with the boys of the 26th, 77th, and several other divisions while in France. He was the only civilian speaker at the first memorial services in behalf of the soldier dead held at Le Ferte, France, in July, 1918. He has received high praise for the success of the Selective Draft Law in New York City.

As ranking member of the Committee of Immigration and Naturalization, he has made a careful study of immigration and naturalization, and has systematically and sympathetically helped many of the people coming over from foreign lands to get their start in their new home land. It is admitted by those who are authorities that he has done more for real Americanization work in the East than any other force working in that direction. On the committee on Revision of Laws he has applied his observations, as well as legal information, to focus upon practical results. As chairman of the Committee on the Census, he has devoted himself to making a careful study of the operation of the Fourteenth Amendment. The investigation of Ellis Island and of the Japanese immigration situation in California were both conducted under resolutions introduced by Congressman Siegel.

Congressman Siegel is married and has three children. He travels back and forth from New York to Washington, having the advantage of meeting many of his constituents face to face in

the home town, saving them the expense of a trip to Washington to see him. He has been keenly interested in improving the conditions of the soldiers.

Altogether Isaac Siegel is one of those whole-souled men who is devoted to his ideal of fulfilling the ambition, recorded as a boy of twelve in school, to be a real Congressman. He has been endorsed by the United States Senators of New York and by the entire Republican delegation in the House of the State of New York for the appointment of Federal Judge for the southern district of New York.

Next to becoming a New York Congressman, it was his ambition to sit upon the bench in his native city of New York. His colleagues have expressed regret that a Congressman so efficient should not continue to respond to the roll call of Congress, but are consoled with the feeling that Isaac Siegel will grace any position to which he may aspire.

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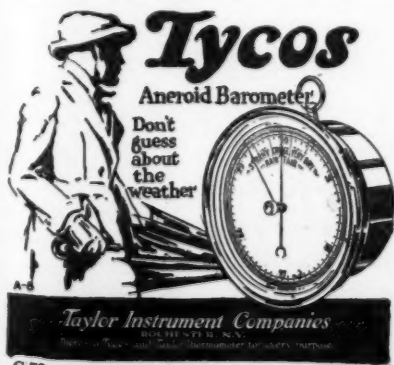
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Made as *Wideweb* Garters should be—with a slide adjustment and Hook and Eye cast-off, having *no metal parts* on face of Pad. Try a pair and be convinced.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON, Makers of
Velvet Grip Hose Supporters
For All The Family